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ENOUGH AND TO SPARE.

BY J. F.

Are you poor? Is it ever a struggle to keep
The terrible wolf from your door?
Do the winds of adversity trouble your sleep
As down your cold chimney they roar?
Oh, if in your heart there's desire to share
Your comforts, though wretchedly few,
You'll speedily find you've enough and to spare
For some one more wretched than you.

Does necessity urge you to toil every day,
Like a galley-slave chained to the oar?
Are your wages so small that you scarcely can pay
Your debts, and your credit restore?
Though heavily burdened with trouble and care,
And little encumbered with pelf,
You'll find there's enough of the latter to spare
For others worse off than yourself.

The generous heart gives without any fear,
Its blessings increasing each day,
As with sweet deeds of kindness and words of good cheer
It brightens and gladdens the way.
And those who are daily accustomed to share
The limited stock they possess,
Assuredly find there's enough and to spare
For those in much greater distress.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII—(CONTINUED)

THERE was a sound of the quiet closing of a door. When the duke and duchess looked round Lady Estelle had gone. Then they glanced wistfully at each other.

"She liked him," said the duke.

"I am afraid so," said the duchess. "I half believe that it is for his sake she has remained single. Poor Estelle! Who would have thought it? We shall see how events turn out when he returns to England. They are sure to meet; then we shall see."

While Lady Estelle walked slowly through the hall, she took her garden hat and wrapped a lace shawl round her shoulders. Quietly, with her usual languid, graceful step, she passed out through the hall into the flower garden beyond.

No sound escaped her lips, and her fair, proud face was unruffled; but when she was there quite alone, the self control and self-restraint fell from her. She raised her face with a despairing cry to the shining heavens.

"Oh, my God!" she moaned; "after so many years of dread—after so many years of unutterable fear and misery—has it come at last!"

Then she, who had never been seen to shed a tear, laid her face on the green grass and wept aloud—wept as only calm, proud people can weep when the depths of the heart are touched.

She lay there a long time, while the sun shone on her, then she roused herself. Tears relieved her for the time; but in this sudden and cruel emergency they did her no enduring good.

"What am I to do?" she cried to herself. "How can I best atone for this folly and sin of my youth? What will they say to me? Oh, Heaven! if I could but die!"

So through the summer hours she wept and moaned. What should she do? The future looked dark as the past. For so long she had been putting off this evil day—fighting hard with her conscience and every impulse of honesty and goodness—hoping against hope that the evil day might, perhaps, never come at all. Yet here it was, and she was helpless.

"If she were here," she thought to herself, "it would not be so bad. I can not see my way out of this labyrinth." And though she spent hour after hour thinking and planning, she could decide upon nothing.

That evening there was a grand dinner party at Dounsbury Castle, and the principal guest was a writer from London, whose name was a power in the government. During the course of the long, stately dinner the great writer, turning to the duke, said:

"You have a famous poet in your neighborhood, or rather you have one who in time will be a famous poet."

His grace, who had forgotten what he had heard of the "gentleman and poet," asked eagerly who it was.

"The author of 'English Lyrics,'" replied the writer. "He lives, unless I mistake, at a place called Lindenholm, on your estate. Unless I make the greatest mistake, that young man has a grand career before him. I should like to meet him."

Lady Estelle, pale and stately, listened intently. This was the poet who was to marry Doris. She listened again. They spoke of the poet's sterling worth, his wonderful honesty, his noble character, and there came to her a gleam of hope in her distress.

She would go to him. In all the wide world there was no one to help her but him. She would risk all, and try him.

If he proved untrue—if he refused to help her—why, even then, matters could be no worse; whereas, if he did not refuse, and was willing to come to her aid, her troubles would at least be lessened, and she could meet Ulric Studleigh with a calmer face.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EARLE MORAY was dreadfully puzzled. Into the threads of his life a mighty, passionate, wonderful love had been woven, but there had been a mystery.

It had been a beautiful life, full of love, and dreams, and poetry, but it had all been open to the eye and pleasant to read.

He held something in his hands now that puzzled him—a letter written on thick satin-woven paper—a letter asking him if he would be at the gate leading to Quainton Woods at noon to-morrow, there to meet some one who wanted his aid.

It was a strange request. If any one wanted his aid, why did the person not seek him at his own home? Why desire to meet him in Quainton Woods? Then, what could he do to help any one? Of what avail was he? He was not wise enough to give advice. If money were needed, he would do his best, certainly, but he could do little.

Then another thing puzzled him. The letter was evidently written by a lady. Certainly, the hand was disguised, but it was clear and elegant.

What lady could wish to see him? Not Mattie, for he had spent the whole of yesterday at the farm. He knew no one else, save Doris.

His face grew hot, then cold, as he thought of her. Could it concern Doris in any way, this strange letter? Had she grown weary of being without him? Had she sent him a letter or token? Did she wish to see him? He tormented himself with doubts, hopes, and fears, but resolved to go.

He was getting quite strong now; he was able to travel. He had taken care of himself; and those who did not know his motive wondered that he recovered so quickly.

He had never swerved from his resolution to go in search of his lost love. Perhaps the saddest sight of all to him was the quantity of manuscript lying unfinished in his room—copies of poems he had been engaged upon when his life was so suddenly taken from him—the great work that was to have secured for him immortality.

He sighed when he looked at it, but he had never once attempted to continue it. If in time to come he found Doris, and won her for his own again, then the golden dreams of fame and immortality would return to him; until then they were like his hopes—dead!

He had to control his impatience as best he could until noon of the day following; then he went quickly to the appointed place.

An idea occurred to him that the letter might be a hoax, although, on looking round on his circle of friends, he knew no one who would be likely to play any jest with him.

As he drew near the gate that led to Quainton Woods, he saw that it was no jest, for walking down the woodland glade, pausing occasionally to look from right to left, was the figure of a tall, stately lady, whose face was closely veiled.

His heart beat so quickly he could hardly endure the rapid pulsation; but it was not Doris.

This lady was taller, of a more stately presence than his golden-haired love; still, it might be some one whom she had sent to him.

He raised his hat and walked bareheaded to where the lady stood. The wind lifted the fair hair from his noble brow, and freshened the spiritual, handsome face. As he bent before her, the lady stood quite still and looked at him long.

"You are Earle Moray, gentleman and poet," she said, in a voice of marvelous sweetness. "I recognize you from a description I once heard given of you."

"I am Earle Moray," he said; and still the lady looked as though she would fain read every thought; then, with a deep sigh, she held out her hand to him.

"I can trust you," she said. "I have but little skill, perhaps, in reading faces. I made a great mistake once when I tried, yet I can read yours. Truth, honor, loyalty, are all there. Nature never yet wrote falsely on such a face as yours. I will trust you with that which is dearer to me than my life."

Then they walked side by side in silence, until they reached a broad, shady walk which was darkened by the large, spreading boughs of the trees, Earle wondering who she was—marveling at the rich silk and velvet she wore, at the dainty grace of the gloved hand, at the proud, yet graceful beauty, to the sweet voice. Who was she? Some one who trusted him, and who should find that he was to be trusted even to the very depths.

Then the lady turned to him.

"I know it is an idle question," she said, "but I ask it for form's sake. Will you keep true and sacred the trust I am going to place in you?"

"Until death!" he replied. "I promise it."

"Now tell me," she said—"I have a right to ask the question, as you will learn—you were betrothed to Doris, who was known as Doris Bruce?"

"Yes," he replied in a low voice; "I was."

"Would you mind telling me whether that engagement still exists?"

His face quivered with pain as he turned it to her.

"I can not answer you," he said; "I do not know. To me it exists solemnly and sacredly. I do not know what Doris thinks."

Her voice was wonderfully soft and gentle as she continued:

"I know that I am paining you; I am sorry for it. Was there any quarrel between you when you parted?"

"No," he replied, "there was no quarrel."

"How was it?" she asked, gently. "Do not fear to tell me."

"I do not know: I was not good enough for her, perhaps—not bright and eloquent enough. Perhaps I loved her too dearly. She was the life of my life. She may have got tired of my mad, passionate love—only God knows. She left me."

"How did she leave you?" persisted the sweet, pitiful voice.

"I left her one day, believing she loved me, that in a very short time she would be my wife. I returned the next, and she had gone away, leaving a letter for me."

"What did the letter say?"

"It said that she could never marry me; that a quiet life and quiet ways would not suit her; that she had resolved to leave them. She was going abroad to teach some little children, and she prayed me never to find her, for she would never return."

He drew his breath with a hard, painful gasp as he finished the words.

"I shall find her," he added, with quiet force. "She promised to be my wife, and in the sight of the just God she is mine. I will never rest until I have found her, life of my life, the very heart of me. She shall not escape me."

"Then she left you and broke her promise without any sensible reason whatever?"

"If you will have the truth," he replied, "yes, she did so."

"Faithless and debonair," murmured the lady, "like all her race."

"She is young," said Earle, in quick excuse, "and very beautiful. Perhaps in the years to come she may have more sense, and will be sorry for what she has done."

"All sorrow in the world could not undo the wrong she has done you," said the lady.

"I would forgive her," said Earle. "She could do no wrong so great but that I could pardon her."

"You are true and noble; you are of the kind women torture and kill. Tell me, have you no idea where she is?"

"I have not the faintest," he replied. "I cannot tell even in what quarter of the world she is; but I have confidence in my own will—I shall find her."

"Suppose," said the lady, "that you succeed, that you find her, and that she is unwilling to marry you—what shall you do then?"

His face darkened—a new expression such as she had never seen came over it.

"That is between Heaven and myself," he replied. "Until I am tried and tempted I can not tell you what I should do."

"You would not harm her!" she cried, laying her hand on his arm.

"Harm her! hurt Doris! Oh, no! how could I harm her? She is life of my life, heart of my heart! How could I harm her?"

"That is well. I am weak and easily frightened; I have lived for nearly twenty years in one long dream of terror. I was a girl of eighteen when my fear began—I am a woman of thirty-eight now, and I have never known one moment's cessation of fear. Do you pity me?"

"With all my heart," said Earle.

"After twenty years," she continued, "I stand face to face with the realization of my fear; the dream that has haunted me has come true; the sword has fallen; I

have to answer for my girlish folly and sin—a thousand times greater than Doris' !"

Then between them for some minutes there fell perfect, unbroken silence. Again the lady broke it.

"I am in sore need," she said, "and I want a friend. I have sought you because you love Doris."

Wondering more and more, he answered that he would do anything on earth to help her.

"I feel sure you would," she said; then throwing back her veil, she asked: "Do you know me?"

He looked at her. No, he did not know her. He thought to himself that he could never have forgotten such a face if he had seen it before.

"I am Lady Estelle Hereford," she continued, "the only daughter of the Duke of Downsbury."

He was not surprised; he would not have felt surprised if she had told him she was Queen of England.

"Lady Estelle Hereford," he murmured; 'but what is it possible that I can do to help you?"

"You wonder that I, the daughter of a mighty duke, should be driven to seek aid," she said. "Oh! believe me, there is no one in all England who needs it more than I do. Tell me, Earle Moray—'gentleman and poet'—I like the title—tell me, have you ever heard me discussed—spoken of?"

"Yes," he replied, frankly, "many times."

"Tell me how people speak of me?" she asked. "I know what your answer will be. It will not pain me."

"I have always heard your beauty praised," said Earle, honestly—"that you were accomplished and beautiful, but that you were one of the proudest ladies in the land."

"It is true," she said; "the time was when no girl in England was prouder than I."

He looked at the pale, high-bred face.

"It was natural," he said, simply; "you had everything to make you so."

"And now," she continued, "the proudest woman in England, Lady Estelle Hereford, is here by stealth, asking that aid from a stranger which no one else can give to her."

"Life is full of strange phases," said Earle. "But, Lady Hereford, what is it that you think I can do for you?"

"I must tell you my secret first," she said, "before you can understand—"

"Nay," he interrupted, generously, "I need not understand. If there is anything in the world than that I can do for you, you have but to command me. I will be blind, deaf, mute, in your service. There is no need for me to understand."

"You are very good—I feel your delicacy," she said. "You are loyal and noble; but I must tell you my secret, and my story is not a short one. I am tired; can I rest while I tell it to you?"

In less time than it took her to ask the question he had cleared away the creeping moss and trailing leaves from the fallen trunk of the tree.

"It is a rude resting place," he said.

But Lady Estelle seemed grateful enough for it. She drew aside the rich silk and velvet.

"Sit down by my side," she said gently.

He would have remained at a distance; but, with a little, graceful gesture, as of one used to command, she called him to her.

"Sit down here," she said, and he had no resource but to obey her.

Then again she was silent for some minutes; her face wore a dreamy, musing expression.

"What a strange fate!" she said. "After keeping my secret all these years—after guarding it jealously as my life—after sacrificing only Heaven knows what to it—I tell it to you, to you, young, loyal, true hearted—you who love Doris! There is a terrible irony, after all, in fate!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

LOOKING at Lady Estelle, Earle saw that her face had grown very pale, and her hands trembled. It was so strange for him, on this beautiful, sunlit, morning, to find himself seated by this pale, high-bred lady.

The sun shone through the thick green branches and the light fell in slanting rays on the greensward; the birds sang gayly in the trees the sweet, pitiless birds, who sing whether we are in sorrow or joy; the wild flowers raised their beautiful heads, so fair and delicate, so fragile and sweet; there was no distress in nature.

"Dear Lady Hereford," he said, "spare yourself. You do not like to tell me this story—why do it?"

"I must," she said. "Never mind the pain for me; the pain has been greater in bearing it for twenty years than it is now in the telling of it. Looking at me, Earle Moray, you can imagine what I was twenty years ago?"

"Yes," he said gently, "I can imagine it. Time does not dim and line a face yours—I can see you now as you were then."

"The lightest heart—ah, me! the happiest girl—there was none so happy! Proud, because every one told me how much I had to be proud of. I was beautiful, and the Duke of Downsbury's only daughter.

"What people call high prizes in this world ought to have been mine. Listen to what I have won. At eighteen I made my debut in the great world, and before I had even time to look round me, I had a number of lovers and admirers, thanks to the prestige of my father's name.

"I had more offers during that first season than falls to the lot of most young ladies. There was not one among the crowd of admirers for whom I cared; none interested me, none touched me.

"Young as I was I longed for something that I did not find. I had great ideas of the happiness and sanctity of love. In this new world I heard but little of it. People talked of diamonds, opera-boxes, country-houses, pin-money, settlements; but I heard little of love. I had firmly resolved in my own mind that when I married it should be for love alone. I had everything else—rank, title, wealth, position.

"I wanted love. One great man after another—great according to the world's estimation—laid title and wealth before me, the Duke of Downsbury's heiress. I had flattery, homage, compliments, praise, but not what I thought to be love. In discussing different offers my mother would say:

"'This one belongs to the oldest family in England;' of another, 'He had the fairest estates in the country;' of another, 'He is a great favorite at court;' of another, 'He can give his wife jewels fit for an empress;' but she never urged as a recommendation that any one loved me. As a rule, one values least that which one has, and longs most for that which one had not.

"I was born and reared in the very heart of luxury—I knew nothing else—so that I valued splendor and magnificence, luxury and wealth far less than I valued love; and while wiser heads than mine were occupied in discussing which would be the most advisable suitor, I was occupied in looking for some one who would love me. Is it natural, Earle Moray, that one should want to be loved?"

He looked at the pale, sad face.

"Just as natural, Lady Hereford, as that the thirsty flowers should long for dew," he replied.

"So I think. I made a terrible mistake. I wrecked my whole life; yet I think if I had to live over again I should look first for love.

"One evening there was a ball at the palace, and I went with the duchess, my mother. On our way she began to talk to me about a certain Lord Alverton, whose proposal of marriage had delighted her.

"'I should certainly advise you, my dear child,' she said, 'to accept him. He will be at the palace this evening, and I shall be pleased to hear that you have accepted him.'

"'But I do not love him, mamma,' I said.

"She looked surprised.

"'Never be vehement, Estelle,' she said, in a tone of reproof, 'it is not lady-like. And, my dear child, remember, rank has its penalty. In ours we do not marry for love.'

"She meant it all kindly. She loved me then, and loves me now, better than half the mothers in this world love their children. She spoke as she herself had been taught; but I was resolved never to learn the same lesson. I would marry for love, and nothing else. I entered the palace gates, resolved to dismiss his lordship, and to wait until some one loved me.

"As I was promenading with one of my partners, my eyes fell suddenly upon one of the handsomest men I had ever seen—a face that irresistibly drew my attention, it was so handsome, high-bred, and debonair. I looked at him again and again in wonder.

"I watched him as he spoke to different people. I saw that he left every one whom he addressed laughing. I wondered who he could be. A royal duchess spoke to him, and seemed to enjoy his conversation; so that he must be 'one of us,' I thought to myself. Suddenly I asked my companion, 'Who is the gentleman to whom the Duchess of K—— is talking?'

"He laughed a little, low laugh.

"'That is Captain Ulric Studleigh,' he replied, 'the handsomest, the most popular, and the most good-for-nothing man in London.'

"'Good-for-nothing,' I repeated; 'how is that? What do you mean?'

"'Perhaps I should apologize for the expression,' said my companion, 'but really I know of none other so suitable. He is a Studleigh, and you know the character of the race.'

"'Indeed I do not,' was my earnest reply.

"'The Studleighs are all faithless and debonair,' he continued; 'they have made more love and broken more hearts than any other race of even twice their number.'

"'But every one seems to like Captain Studleigh. See how people listen to him, talk to him, laugh at him.'

"'I tell you, Lady Hereford, that he is really the most popular man in London.'

"'But how can he be popular,' I persisted, 'if he is what you say?'

"'Faithless and debonair," he repeated. 'But I do not know that the world will like him any the less for that. He has a handsome face. Look at his smile; it is like a gleam of sunshine. And, to tell you the truth, Lady Hereford, I know of no one else who can talk as he does.'

"Then my partner left me, and I became engrossed in watching Captain Studleigh. Surely no one could be more popular; no one passed him without a word or jest. I watched him as he bent over the white hands of fair ladies, and I was mad enough to feel something like jealousy when he seemed to like one. Then, by some accident, I can never remember how it happened, our eyes met. I saw him start, and I hoped he admired me.

"Ah, dear heaven! what a foolish child I was! Then he went away hurriedly, and in a few minutes afterward he was bowing before me, while some one introduced him to me. The extreme bitterness of the pain has long since left me, and I can remember that when he asked me to dance with him, and my hand touched his arm, it was as though the happiness of my life had suddenly grown complete. Thinking of myself as I was then, tears of pity fill my eyes.

"It was a long dance, and when it ended Captain Studleigh did not seem more anxious to part from me than I was to part from him. The spell was beginning to work on me as it worked on others. His bright, laughing eyes, handsome eyes, rich, clear voice, the inexhaustible fund of wit and mirth, the tender, chivalrous deference that he knew so well how to pay, delighted me.

"He asked me if I should like to see a famous picture that had been recently sent to the palace. I said 'Yes,' glad of any pretext for being longer with him. I do not know how time passed. I was happier than I had ever been in my life before. Suddenly Captain Studleigh asked me, with a smile, where was my mother the duchess. I told him she had been invited to join the royal circle, and was there now, I believed.

"'Fortune is kind to me to night,' he said, with a smile.

"Simply enough I asked him why he should call my mother's preoccupation fortunate for him?

"He laughed outright.

"'My dear Lady Hereford,' he said, 'if her grace were at hand, do you suppose I should be allowed this delightful half hour here with you?'

"'Why not?' I asked, wonderingly.

"'Because I am what is called a detrimental. I am a poor younger son, whose presumption, as the dowagers say, is frightful. Have I any right, possessing under ten thousand a year and a title, to monopolize, even for five minutes, the smiles of Lady Estelle Hereford?'

"I knew that he was speaking satirically, but it struck me, at the same time, that his views and mine would upon many points agree.

"'What nonsense about being a poor younger son,' I said. 'What difference does it make?'

"He laughed again.

"'That is the most sensible question I ever heard, Lady Hereford, and as a younger son I thank you for it. It makes a wonderful difference in the opinion of most people.'

"'It makes none in mine,' I said decidedly; and then I saw him look steadfastly at me. I never even gave a thought to the significance of my words. Suddenly I remembered the conversation I had had about him. I looked up into his face.

"'Captain Studleigh,' I asked, 'why do people call you faithless and debonair?'

"'Do they?' he asked. 'I do not think that such a bad character, Lady Estelle.'

"'Is it true that all the Studleighs are faithless?' I repeated.

"'I wish I dared say, Try one of them, Lady Estelle. That may be the tradition of the family, but it would be cruel to judge every member by it. After all, it is something to be debonair, so I must be content.'

"Looking at him and listening to him, I did not believe one word of it. There was a charm about him that no words of mine could possibly describe—a charm that I believe, even now, belongs to no one else on earth. I soon found that what he said was perfectly true.

"As I returned to the ball-room I saw my mother looking for us. Her eyes did not fall with a very pleased expression on Captain Studleigh. She came up to us and made some little observation to him; the tone of it was barely civil, and he was quick enough to notice it. He gave me one laughing glance, as though he would say, 'You see, I told you I was a detrimental,' then he bowed and went away.

"'My dear Estelle,' she said, 'have you been long with Captain Studleigh?'

"I told her how long, and she looked displeased.

"'Who introduced you to him?' she asked.

"Ah! how ashamed I was. I could not remember; I had never even noticed. She turned to me.

"'It was a mistake,' she said, gently. 'He is a handsome man, but the Studleighs are all alike. I should not wish you to fall into the habit of wasting your time with him.'

"'Wasting my time.' I repeated that phrase over and over again. The only gleam of happiness I had found in this great world was looked coldly upon by mother, and called 'wasting my time.'

"I went home with my head and heart full of him, longing only for the hour to come when I should meet him again. Looking back, I pity myself, Earle Moray—I pity myself!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"DO I weary you, Earle Moray, with these details?" Lady Estelle asked, looking with wistful eyes into his face. "Out of my thirty-eight years that was my only gleam of light—does it weary you that I like to dwell upon it?"

"No," he replied, "every word interests me; you cannot tell me too much."

"I used to wonder," she continued, "when I heard people say that love made or marred a woman's life. In my own mind I thought such words an exaggeration. I found that they were most fatally true—my love marred my life."

"That night I left the palace, with my heart and mind full of Ulric Studleigh, and the idea possessed a double charm for me, because I was, as it were, forbidden to entertain it. The duchess, my mother, spoke to me once more on the subject. We were going to a fete at Kensington Gardens. Before we started she called me to her.

"'Estelle,' she said gravely, 'I hope you will not forget what is due to your position as daughter of the Duke of Downsbury. I hope you will not forget what is required and expected of you.'

"I told her that I hoped always to please her, and I intended them to do so.

"'If Captain Studleigh should have the bad taste to intrude his society on you,' she continued, 'without being the least unlady-like, you must let him see that it is displeasing to you.'

"'But, mamma,' I remonstrated, 'it is not displeasing; he is most amusing.'

"'The expression of my least wish ought to suffice, Estelle,' said my mother, haughtily. 'I tell you to avoid Captain Studleigh whenever you possibly can; and if you are compelled for a few minutes by unavoidable circumstances, to talk to him, I insist upon it that you show no interest whatever—that you treat him with studied coolness and reserve.'

"'Will you tell me why, mamma?' I asked, gently.

"'Yes, I will tell you. The love of a Studleigh never yet brought anything with it save sorrow. Secondly, were it even otherwise, Ulric Studleigh, a younger son, is no match for my daughter, Lady Estelle Hereford. You hear this?'

"I had heard, and at first my only emotion was one of sorrow that a pleasant intercourse must be ended. It was very evident that I must not look again at the

laughing face and tender eyes. I hardly understood the cloud that came over me, or why the thought that he was so soon to be taken out of my life darkened it.

"He was at the fete, strange to say, with my only and dearest friend, Lady Agnes Delapain. We had been schoolmates, and the year previous she had married Lord Delapain. I felt pleased when I saw him with her. My mother did not see either of them.

"After a time Lady Agnes left her companion and came to me. My mother, who knew our great affection for each other, had no scruple in leaving us together while she joined some friends of her own.

"'Estelle,' said Lady Agnes, as we wandered through a beautiful grove of trees—'Estelle, you have accomplished a miracle.'

"'What have I done?" I asked.

"'You have written your name where no one ever inscribed a woman's name before,' she replied.

"I had not the least idea what she meant.

"'Where is that?' I asked.

"Lady Agnes laughed aloud.

"'On the hitherto invincible heart of Ulric Studleigh,' she said. 'I should imagine that he has admired more pretty girls than any one ever did before, but you are the first who has made a real impression on him.'

"'Who says I have done so, Agnes?'

"'I say so. He has been sitting by me for half an hour, and all his conversation has been of you. I assure you, Estelle, he is hopelessly in love.'

"'The love of the Studleighs always brings sorrow,' my mother says.

"Lady Agnes laughed again.

"'I am sure your mother will not like him—no mothers do. Mine used to torture me about him before I was married. You would not find a dowager in London who approves of him.'

"'But why?' I persisted.

"'A handsome, graceless, penniless younger son? What dowager in her senses would approve of such a man?'

"'He cannot help being a younger son and having no money,' I said.

"'No; he cannot help it. A man cannot help being born blind or lame, I suppose; but then he does not expect to fare the same as a man who can walk and see.'

"'It is not a just world,' I said, gravely, and again Lady Agnes laughed.

"'Yes. Ulric ought at least to have been a prince,' she said; 'there is now only one resource for him.'

"'What is that?' I asked.

"'He has no money, and he cannot make money. Military fame is very empty; but he could, at least, marry some one who has money.'

"And Lady Agnes, who, I believe, had a decided liking for him, looked sharply at me.

"'Why can he never make money?' I asked.

"'It is not the habit of the Studleighs; they have a reckless fashion of spending, but I do not know that they are capable of making money. Captain Ulric is a soldier, and we all know how empty is fame.'

"At that very moment he joined us. Lady Agnes turned to me.

"'I leave you in safe hands,' she said. 'I promised to look after little Nellie Pinmpton, and I have not seen her yet.'

"Then she went away. It was kind of her in one sense, but wrong in another. I was terribly frightened. What should I do if my mother found me here in this grove of trees with Captain Studleigh? I remembered, too, that I had promised to be very distant and reserved with him; yet there I was, looking at him, blushing and smiling, utterly unable either to look or feel anything save happiness.

"He saw, and was quick enough to detect the anxiety on my face.

"'Ah! Lady Hereford,' he said, 'I was a true prophet—I see it.'

"Then, without waiting for any answer, he began to talk to me about the fete. I forgot everything else in the wide world except that I was happy and was with him.

"Earle Moray, the sun will never shine for me again as it did that day; the sky will never be so blue, the flowers so sweet and fair.

"When he saw Lady Agnes returning to us in the distance, he said, quickly:

"'You will not be unjust to me, Lady Estelle—you will not visit the sins of my race on me?'

"'No,' I said, 'I will never do that.'

"Sometimes you will let me forget graver anxieties, graver cares, the troubles of my life, in talking to you?'

"Then I saw my difficulty.

"'I will do all that I possibly can,' I said; 'but—'

"'But what?' he asked. 'Tell me the difficulty.'

"How could I? I could not look into his face, and tell him my mother disliked and disapproved of him.

"'I think I understand,' he said, with a low laugh. 'If I were a duke, with two or three fine estates, there would be no objection to me; as it is, perhaps, her grace has told you the Studleighs are unfortunate.'

"'Yes, she has told me so, but I do not believe it,' I hastened to reply.

"'Thank you; you are generous. I shall trust in your generosity, Lady Hereford.'

"Then he went away, and the brightness of the sun, the sky, the flowers, went with him. Yet I was strangely happy, with a new, strange, shy happiness. When other people, whom I had neither liked nor cared for, talked to me, I found that I had a fresh stock of patience—that I had such a fountain of happiness in my own heart I had abundance to shower upon others.

"The whole world changed to me from that day. I lived only in the hope of seeing Captain Studleigh. I counted the hours when I was away from him. Unfortunately for me, I found an aider and abettor in Lady Agnes Delapain. My mother did not even know that she was acquainted with him, and I—alas!—never told her.

"Lady Agnes had a beautiful villa at Twickenham, and it was no unusual thing for me to spend two or three days with her. It was cruel to betray my mother's trust; there is no excuse for it, nor was there any for my friend.

"We never made any positive appointment. I never told him when I was going to Twickenham, yet he always seemed to know by instinct.

Lord Delapain held some important office under the government, so that he was seldom at home. We three, Lady Delapain, Captain Studleigh, and myself, spent whole days together, sometimes in the grounds that surrounded her home, or on the river which ran close by.

"The end of it was—see, I offer no excuse—that we both believed it impossible to live any longer without each other. Oh! folly and blindness and madness of love! I, who had never disobeyed my parents, who had always been a docile, obedient child, whose highest ambition had been to please them, I suffered him, my lover, to talk to me about a private marriage. He said that if we were once married, my parents would be very angry for a short time, that was certain; but when they saw there was no help for it, they would forgive us, and all would be well again.

I asked, timidly enough, for I dreaded to displease him, if it would not be better for him to try to win my parents' consent.

"I will try, if you like," he said. "I will do anything to please you; but I am quite sure it is useless. The moment they hear that I care for you they will take you away, and I shall see you no more."

"Do you really think so, Ulric?" I asked, sadly.

"I am quite certain of it; still, it shall be as you wish. I can not live without you, Estelle. You are the whole world to me, and you love me, unless the story told by those sweet eyes is untrue."

Lady Agnes knew nothing of the these longing entreaties of his for a secret marriage. If I had told her I might have been saved. She, with all her imprudence, would never have permitted that. I dared not tell her, lest she would disapprove.

Looking back, I can not tell what possessed me—what mad infatuation, what wild folly had taken hold of me.

Is it the same, I wondered, with all who love—with all girls who surrender heart and judgment as I did? Yet I did not reply all at once. The step was such a grave and serious one, even to my inexperienced eyes, that I hesitated long before taking it. I must do him justice; I thought in those days Ulric Studleigh did love me very dearly indeed, better, perhaps, than he loved anyone else; and, that for a Studleigh is, certainly saying a great deal.

He told me over and over again, in most passionate words, that he loved me. He made me believe that I was the whole world to him.

Then, when he still found that I was unwilling—oh! so unwilling—for this private marriage, he pretended to be hurt, to think that I did not care for him, and for ten long days he never came near me—ten long, dreary, terrible days.

I can remember, even now, the misery of each of them—the hours that seemed to have no end—the nights without sleep. If we met in public, he passed me with a cold bow, and devoted himself to someone else. I went through all the tortures of jealousy, my face grew pale and thin. Ah! what I suffered! Then one evening he came to me and said:

"Estelle, have we had enough of this? I feel I can bear it no longer."

"It is your fault," I replied. "You have kept away from me."

"Is a man's heart made of wax, do you think? Kept away from you! If I had not done so I should have gone mad. Your love must be child's play, judging from the way in which you treat me. How could I bear to be near you, when you so coldly refused my prayer?"

We were standing behind a great cluster of trees, and the next moment he had clasped me in his arms, crying that I must be his.

"I shall be at Twickenham to-morrow," he said. "Estelle, I pray you to meet me there."

And I, weak and miserable, promised him.

"I can not bear it," said my lover to me," continued Lady Estelle. "When we met the next day on the green lawn at Twickenham. We Studleighs are just as mad in jealousy as we are in love. When I see you surrounded by the wealthiest and noblest in the land—men, each of whom is more worthy of you a thousand times than I am—but no one else loves you one half so well, I can bear it no longer, Estelle. I will stand by no longer to see you loved, admired and sought by other men. I will go away, and never return to this hateful land again."

"What can I do, Ulric?" I asked. "I can not help it. I do not ask people to admire me."

"You can do one thing, if you will," he said; "you can set my heart at rest; you can consent to what I ask—a private marriage; that will make you mine, and it will not be in the power of any human being to take you from me. It will set my heart at rest, and I shall know, no matter who admires you, that you are mine. If you will not consent to this, I must go."

I was sorely afraid to lose him, Earle Moray.

"But what will become of me when my parents find it out?" I asked.

"They need never find it out. When they seem to like me better, we will tell them. No one knows what an excellent thing it is to make one's self master of the situation. Once done, we can not be expected to undo it, and after a few days they will forgive us when they are quite sure that being angry is of no use."

Those were weak arguments, Earle Moray, to lead a girl away from her duty. They seem so to me now, though then I fancied them full of wisest sense. I destroyed myself when I looked up into his face and said:

"But even if I were willing, how could it be managed, Ulric?"

He clasped me in his arms.

'Only say you are willing; that will be enough. I shall go mad with joy! Estelle, say that you are willing, and leave the preliminaries to me."

He looked so eager, so handsome; I was so weak and young. I loved him so dearly; all higher and better considerations faded away; I promised.

She buried her face in her hands, and Earle saw the tears fall through her slender jeweled fingers. He saw the fragile figure torn with deep, convulsive sobs, yet he did not dare to comfort her. He felt that for such a wrong as she had committed there could be no pardon from those she had deceived. Yet his feeling of compassion for her was so strong that he could not refrain from showing her some sympathy. He laid his hand gently on her arm.

"Dear Lady Hereford," he said, "I wish that I knew how to comfort you."

"You can not," she replied; "there can be no consolation for sins like mine. Oh! Earle Moray, you see that I am speaking to you as though I had known you for years. It is because you love Doris. Can you think, can you imagine how I came to be so foolish? so mad, it seems to me, looking back on my past, incredible! Young, gifted, with everything to make life desirable, that I should wreck myself; turn every blessing into a curse! It is incredible to me, I can not believe it; yet I have done it. I need not tire you with details. I have dwelt longer than I need have done on my temptations, because I want you, who love Doris so dearly, to think the best which is possible of me. Do you agree to that? Will you try?"

"Most certainly, dear Lady Hereford. Why should I sit in judgment over you?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

"By Hook or by Crook."—This proverb is said to be as old as the English invasion of Ireland. Hook and Crook are well-known historic places in the port of Waterford; and the pilots of the invading fleet are said to have declared that they would safely land the invading forces "by Hook or by Crook."

The Rose.—In Turkey the rose is supposed to burst forth from its bud when the nightingale begins its song—a belief alluded to by Byron in the Gleaur. In our climate the contrary is the case, the rose not blooming, except in forward summers, until the "sunshine of the nightingale" has all but ceased to listen to the melody of her tuneful lord.

Cats.—Cats, large and small, make the most careful toilet of any class of animals, excepting some of the opossums. Lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark India rubber like ball of the foot and the toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body.

Salt-Cellars.—Salt-cellars first came into use in mediæval times; there was only one on the table, and it held from two to three quarts. The salt was placed about the middle of the table's length. At the upper end sat the lord of the castle or palace and his intimates, and the salt-cellar marked the dividing line between the associates of the nobleman and his dependants, so that to "sit below the salt" meant social inferiority.

Tirling the Pin.—"Tirling at the pin" was a very ancient form of "knocking at the door." A notched pin of iron roughly fitted a hole in the door, and, when moved out and in, it made a noise, which, if less sonorous than that produced by the knocker, was more penetrating. The "rasp and the ring" was a similar device in effect, if not in form. An iron ring was hung over a rasped strip of metal, and, when the one was pulled over the other, a harsh and rattling sound was produced, which only a very hard sleeper indeed could sleep through.

Women's Arms.—Prof. Smith cites as a curious fact that there are always at any census in England more women returned as being between the ages of twenty and twenty-five than there were female children at ten to fifteen at the preceding census ten years before. Again, there are always more widows than widowers. The problem of the preponderance of women exists only in old countries—northern Europe, the United Kingdom and in our own Atlantic States. In Europe more males are born than females, but the males emigrate, and then the male death-rate is always higher than the female.

The "Song of Sixpence" Interrupted.—The four-and-twenty blackbirds are the four-and-twenty hours, and the pie that holds them is the underlying earth, covered with the overarching sky. How true a touch of nature it is, that when the pie is opened—that is, when the day breaks—the birds begin to sing! The King is the Sun, and the counting out his money is the pouring out of the sunshine. The Queen is the moon, and her transparent honey is the moonlight. The Maid is the "rosy-finger'd" Dawn, who rises before the Sun, her master, and hangs out the clouds (his clothes) across the sky. The particular blackbird, who so tragically ends the tale by snipping off her nose, is the hour of sunrise.

Odors of Plants.—The odors of plants reside in different parts of them—sometimes in the roots, as in the iris and vitivert; the leaves in mint, patchouly, and thyme; the stem or wood in cedar and santal; the flower in the roses and violets; the seeds in the tonquin bean and caraway; the bark in cinnamon, etc. Some plants yield more than one odor, which are quite distinct and characteristic. The orange tree, for instance, gives three—from the leaves one called petit grain, from the flowers neroli, and from the rind of the fruit essential oil-of-orange. The fragrance or odor of plants is owing in nearly all cases to a volatile oil, either contained in small vessels or sacs within them, or generated from time to time during their life, as when in blossom. Some few exude by incision odoriferous gums—as benzoin, myrrh, etc.; others give, by the same act, what are called balsams, which appear to be mixtures of an odorous oil and an inodorous gum.

THOUGHTS TO THEE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Song of birds of summer,
Music of the sea,
Moonlight on the meadows,
Turn my thoughts to thee.

In the morning sunlight,
By the noontide sea;
At the dusk of even,
Thought goes out to thee.

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "RUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

THERE was silence while one could count twenty, then she went on—

"I have told you this, dear, because I wanted you to know that there are others who have suffered more keenly perhaps than you have done; because I wanted you to know and feel why I could sympathize with you."

"Oh, I am ashamed!" said Claire. "Ashamed, ashamed! What is my trouble compared with yours? I know, now, how wicked I have been to repine, to think that I was more cruelly used than all other woman. Sister forgive me? I too, have prayed to die, have longed for death, but I will do so no longer. Not now! Help me to get well, Sister!"

"I have not told you my story in vain, dear!" said Sister Agnes, with tears in her eyes.

"No!" said Claire. "I shall remember it as long as I live. Whenever I am tempted to think of my lost money, of—of—him, I shall remember what you have suffered, and shall feel scorn and contempt for my own trouble, which is so small and petty compared with yours. It was so dreadful! And, of it all, the worst seems to me—" she paused, and laid her hand on Sister Agnes' arm. "Your little child——"

She felt the Sister's arm tremble.

"Did you never hear any more of it?"

"They took me to see its grave," said Sister Agnes, almost inaudibly. "It was a nameless grave in a large cemetery. If it had lived! But it is wicked to repine! My little one has gone to Heaven, and I am left to help other little ones to that Blessed Home and to Him who said, 'Suffer the little ones to come unto me.'

"Sometimes I dream that he lives, that he is a great, strong man, as brave and fearless as his father; but a good man. I can almost see his face, hear his voice; as they would be if he were still alive. Then I wake to remember that he is dead, and that I am—Sister Agnes."

"And you have never seen your husband since?" asked Claire.

"Never," replied Sister Agnes. "I heard that his health had broken down, that he had gone to live in seclusion at his ancestral home. I told you that he was a nobleman and very wealthy."

"Then you are a lady of title?" said Claire.

"Yes," she said. "I am the wife of a man who bears one of the oldest titles in England. You must not ask me what it is, dear child."

"No, no!" said Claire, quickly.

"When I took the vow of our Sisterhood, I passed from the world—left it behind. It is dead to me. If I could, I would forget that I have been anything but Sister Agnes. Indeed, at times, the past seems like a dream, an unreal dream from which those few minutes in which I saw and knew my child, alone stand out distinctly."

"Dear, dear, Sister!" said Claire.

She was silent for a moment or two, then she, "This Sisterhood, Sister, can I not join it? Would they take me?" eagerly.

Sister Agnes turned her face for the first time and smiled, as she shook her head.

"No, my child. Only they who have done with the world, who can turn their backs upon it with a sure and certain conviction that they will not even be tempted to look behind, can tread the path which we walk."

"I—" began Claire.

Sister Agnes smiled and shook her head again. "No, dear, you cannot say that. I know you better than you know yourself. Your place is in the world still."

"You mean that I am stubborn and proud?" said Claire, half rebelliously.

"Stubborn, no; but proud, yes," said Sister Agnes. "Your hold on life, and life's possibilities is still strong. Besides, my child, there would be some danger—" she paused, and looked at Claire with tender admiration. "You are very beautiful, dear. Some day, some man—God grant he may be good and true!—will see this fair face of yours and try to win your love."

Claire shrank.

"No, no!" she said. "Not that! I have no heart left no love to give. I have done with all that, Sister, I shall never love again. You called me proud; I have been deceived once, I am too proud—yes, too proud—ever to love again.

"But if I cannot join your Sisterhood—and you know better than I do, Sister—I can fight my way. I want to get well now! As I said, I feel ashamed. I want to get well and go back to the school, and take my place in the work and help others."

Sister Agnes bent over her and kissed her, and as she did so a tear fell on Claire's face.

"I will help you, dear!" she said. "I don't know why it is, my child, but you have grown very dear to me."

"That's because you've nursed me," said Claire, shrewdly. "They say we always grow fond of those whom we help."

"I think we do!" said Sister Agnes, in her sweet voice. "But even that will not account for it," she added, with a smile, as she smoothed the silken hair from Claire's white brow.

"I have nursed many, have sat beside numberless sick-beds, but have never felt as I have felt towards you. Sometimes I have feared that I have been wrong in cherishing my fondness for you, that I have been tempted to neglect my duties to others; but you are just the one ewe lamb to me."

The gentle voice and the tears gathered in the sad, patient eyes.

"I don't know why it is! It is not because you are so pretty—beware of beauty, my child, its trials are many!—but as I have sat besides you, while you have been lying there so helpless, so lonely, somehow the thought of my child, the little one who was taken from me, has come to me, and I have seen my baby grown up, strong. I don't know why this is, for you are a girl, and he would have been a man if he had lived. But all the love which wells up in my heart for him has flown towards you."

Claire stretched out her white arms and wound them round the Sister's neck.

"Love me still, Sister Agnes!" she said, with a sob. "Try to think that I am your daughter. Oh, I wish I were!"

* * * * * *

About this time Gerald was beginning to hobble about with a stick, and wonder what was to become of him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GERALD'S broken leg did not take very long mending, but it seemed an age to him, and his language when the doctor insisted upon his keeping the injured limb in a horizontal position long after Gerald considered any precaution of that kind unnecessary, is scarcely fit for publication.

Terence, the woodman, behaved—like an Irishman; that is to say, he treated Gerald like a brother, and nursed him like a woman, making light of the trouble, and declaring that he was more than repaid by the pleasure of Gerald's company; and he found it difficult to persuade Terence into allowing him to chop wood and make faggots, which Gerald could presently manage in a sitting position, and without retarding the recovery of his leg.

While thus employed he had plenty of time to think of Claire, and he thought of her almost without ceasing. Her coldness—almost heartlessness—amazed and bewildered him.

That she should, in sending him the cheque, barely express her regret at the accident seemed so unlike her, that he could scarcely believe his senses; and he used, at every meal time, to take out Mordaunt Bapley's letter and stare at it as one stares at a Chinese puzzle.

And when he did so, he tried to call her all the names which men bestow upon women when they have proved deceitful and unkind. But it was of no use; he loved her still, and actually endeavored to find excuses for her.

He told himself that she had done quite right, that it was like his confounded impudence to fall in love with her, and that he had only got what he deserved. Then he would kiss the glove which he had found in the chapel, and thrust into his bosom again at the sound of Terence's footsteps.

As his leg got well and strong again he asked himself what he was going to do. There was not enough work in the wood for a permanent extra hand, and he could not remain a burden on Terence; he must go on the tramp, and find some kind of employment.

Consequently, one morning he packed his bag, cut himself a stout stick, and, after breakfast, announced his intention of starting. Terence remonstrated and pleaded in vain—he even offered to toss whether Gerald should remain or go—and at last, with a sorrowful countenance, recognised that Gerald's resolution was immovable, and, thrusting a closely-packed tobacco pouch in his hand—it was the only gift he dared venture on—wished him God-speed.

"Shure, and the days will be long without yez, and the nights longer!" he said, sorrowfully. "I niver had a mate I liked better, for, barring ye're a gintleman, there's divil a bit o' fault to find wid yez!"

"I'm sorry enough to go, Terence!" said Gerald, gripping the man's rough hand. "You have been a brother to me! but, you see—well, I must go!"

The two men looked into each other's eyes in silence for a full minute, and then parted; and Gerald went on his way with that dull little ache in his heart, and "as one that sorroweth deeply."

"If ever I have any luck," he muttered to himself, "I'll send Terence a pair of the best axes Sheffield can turn out!"

But though he grieved at parting with this true friend, he was not very much cast down on his own account. There are some men who believe in their luck, or their "star," and Gerald was one of them. He had always fallen on his feet, however great and disastrous the tumble happened to be, and his heart was full of courage.

For, after all, how little a strong man needs! For breakfast, a cup of coffee and a loaf, three halfpence; for dinner, bread, a chop, and a glass of ale, say eightpence; for supper, bread, cheese, and another glass of ale, fourpence.

There is bed to be reckoned; but in summer a man can sleep like a top in the lee of a haystack or a shed, and in winter, he can earn a night's lodging in a straw loft.

And Gerald was not reduced even yet to his last coin, and he did not despair. While he had been lying by the season had advanced and heavy rain had fallen, so that the roads were bad, and traveling was slow; but, with an occasional lift, he made pretty good progress, and he hoped to reach a large town before the close of the week.

What he should do when he reached it, he did not quite know, but he had several trades at his finger ends, and made no doubt that he should get employment of some kind or other.

One evening—it was the third day of his tramp—he approached a picturesque village set on a hill overlooking a small port. It occurred to him that it would be a good place to stop the night at—he was hungry and a little footsore—and he went on to the quay and asked a man who was lounging there the name of the place, and where he could get a lodging.

The man said the place was called Lartree, and directed him to the inn.

The name seemed familiar to Gerald, and he mumbled it over several times, as one does when trying to rouse one's memory; then, suddenly, it came to him; it was the place, the little port, from which Lord Wharton had brought the strange young lady aboard his yacht.

Gerald had almost forgotten Captain Joslin's romantic story, but it came back to his mind rather vividly under the singular coincidence which had led his wandering and aimless footsteps to the very spot; and as he strode up to the inn he wondered what her name might have been, whether any of her folk were still living, whether the story of her flight was still remembered, and what had become of her.

The inn was as picturesque as the village itself, and Gerald ate his supper with a good appetite, and beside a good wood fire, which breathed comfort from every log.

The landlady herself waited on him, and as assiduously as if he had ordered the best room and a sumptuous spread, instead of a meal of bread and cheese; and Gerald, as he lit his pipe, having still the captain's story floating through his brain, got into conversation with her.

She was quite ready to talk with a handsome young man who, though he carried a bundle and "rode on a walking-stick," was evidently a gentleman; but when Gerald began to ask questions he found that she was a comparatively new comer, and had never heard tell of any nobleman's yacht at Lartree.

"They're most coal and stone vessels that put in here, sir," she said, "and a rough lot the men are, though they don't mean no harm, nor do any. We don't see a gentleman in these parts once in a blue moon; you must let me mix you a glass of toddy, sir—it's some whisky as I've had by me for nigh upon ten years—and wouldn't hurt a baby."

"I'm not afraid, thank you!" said Gerald, with his pleasant smile, which called up an answering one in the round, red face of the landlady.

He drank the toddy, and then, as the night was still young, sauntered out. There was a moon shining through a watery mist, but it was not raining, and Gerald, tempted by the weird beauty of the night, and the romantic surroundings—Ireland is the land of romance, "from tree-top to farrow"—he strolled through the tiny village, and on to the common just beyond.

Across this common was a footbridge, which spanned what, in summer, was an inoffensive brook, but which, in winter, too often grew into a swift and ugly-looking river.

The rains had swollen it into quite a formidable torrent, which rushed under the bridge and swirled round the rough wooden pillars with an angry swish.

Just beyond the bridge was a road, through which, in summer, anyone coming into, or leaving, Lartree, drove. In flood-time, they went, perforce, round by a safer and drier road. Gerald leaned over the bridge, and looked into the water musingly.

As was always the way, whenever he saw anything pretty, or curious, he longed to have Claire by his side—absurd and preposterous as the longing was—to share his pleasure; and to-night he longed for her rather more than usual. It is in the moonlight that "lover's madness" always flourishes.

He was turning back to the comfort of the inn, when he heard the sound of wheels, apparently coming in the direction of the bridge.

He had been long enough in the country to recognize the rattle of an Irish carriage, and it struck him as curious that a carriage should be making for the spot, which seemed barred to the progress of anything but a boat. He lit another pipe and stopped where he was, to await the development of events.

A carriage came to the edge of the torrent, and there paused.

"Going to turn back," thought Gerald; but, to his amazement, the driver smacked his whip and seemed to be urging the horses forward.

"The man must be either a stranger, and ignorant of his danger, or drunk, or mad!" thought Gerald, and, with the intention of warning him, he shouted as loudly as he could. But though his voice was by no means feeble, the roar of the torrent drowned it; and he started off at a sharp run across the bridge and along the path towards the carriage.

He was too late, however, for the horse, unaware of the depth, and trusting to the driver, had obediently plunged into the water, and Gerald was horrified to see him swimming and trying to stem the torrent.

As he stood spellbound to the spot, a window of the carriage was let down with a bang, and a man's head was thrust out. Gerald thought he heard a woman's voice raised in a cry of alarm at the same moment, but he could not be sure.

Gerald ran into the water as far as he could, and shouted to the driver.

"You confounded idiot, come back!"

It was easy to command, but impossible for the man to obey. He was howling and swearing now as only a drunken man, in such a predicament, can; and the horse was being carried down the stream, despite its most frantic efforts to reach the opposite shore.

Then Gerald unmistakably heard a woman's scream, and a cry of help from the man inside the carriage. The vehicle was still afloat, and, if the danger had been less, Gerald could have found something comical in the situation, but there was too much peril for laughter to come in.

Scarcely knowing what he was doing, or what he wanted to do, he tore off his boots, and, plunging into the stream, let himself be swept to the carriage. So swift was the current, that he was very nearly carried past the impromptu ark, but he managed to clutch the sides, and there hung helpless and incapable of help.

Suddenly a face came to the window, and so close to his own that he could feel a warm breath on his brow. It was a girl's face, white with terror, and the two eyes that looked into his in the moonlight were fixed with fear.

"All right," he shouted, after the man-

ner of his kind. "Don't be afraid; it's all right!"

It was anything but all right, and even as he shouted the assertion, the carriage struck against one of the piers, the shafts parted from the vehicle, and, while the horse swam off under the bridge, snorting with terror, the carriage began to reel over.

Gerald tore open the door, and gripped something soft and warm—it was the girl's arm—and shouted—

"Come with me!"

Even if she had been inclined to remain, his strong grasp would have compelled her; and the next instant they were in the water together. Gerald's arm round her waist—and she, of course, clinging to him like grim Death.

"Don't—don't clutch me, for God's sake!" he said, as he felt her arms tightening round his neck, and knew that if her terrified embrace continued they must both go down. "Take hold of my coat, and hold tight! I can't swim—do anything—if you grip me!"

She understood, or, perhaps, her hold shifted by accident; anyway, her small hands slipped to his coat, and Gerald was free to make a fight for it.

It is not easy to save a drowning person, however good a swimmer a man may be; if anyone doubts this, let him try it in a swimming-bath and be convinced.

Gerald could swim as well as most men, and was as strong as a Grecian athlete, but he saw that the only thing to do was to go with the current, not endeavor to oppose it.

So he struck out, cleared the bridge—no small danger!—and drifted with the current. It swelled into an eddy just below the bridge, and he thought they would be sucked down; but he shut his teeth tight, and struck out.

Right above them the moon shone down through the thin veil of mist with an aggravating serenity and peacefulness; the trees fringing the meadows pierced through an exquisite gauze.

If they were going to die, they were going to die amidst a scene of remarkable beauty, a kind of weird fairyland—like unto the transformation scene at a theatre.

Even at the moment, when life seemed to be closing for ever, and death unpleasantly near, Gerald could not help noticing the beautiful frame in which the tragedy was set.

"Good-bye, Claire!" he thought. "I shall never know why you have treated me so badly!"

Then, even as he bade her, mentally, farewell, he felt his feet strike the ground. It is the loveliest feeling a man can experience, if he happens to be drowning, and Gerald could not refrain a shout.

"All right," he said again, "cling on tight! We're there!"

A moment or two afterwards he was standing on the meadow, stretching his arms, and drawing a long breath, and the girl was lying at his feet.

He bent down and raised her, and to his surprise she opened her eyes. She was unconscious for a moment or two, then she heaved a sigh that quivered through all his frame, and, still looking at him, said—

"Are we still alive?"

"Yes, yes!" responded Gerald. "And I hope you are not hurt. Frightened, of course! But don't faint!"—she had closed her eyes, and her head had sunk on his shoulder again—"for I must go and see—there was someone else in the carriage!"

"My father!" she breathed quickly. "I shall not faint. Go! oh, go!"

She sank on the grass, clasping her hands and peering into the mist, and Gerald ran along the edge of the stream shouting. He almost ran into the arms of a man who was shouting also—

"Grace, Grace! My daughter!"

Gerald caught him by the arm.

"Your daughter is quite safe!" he said. "Don't be alarmed!"

The father was a short, thick-set man, with a strong, shrewd, weather beaten face; and though his hair was gray, the grip he laid upon Gerald's arm had little of old age or weakness in it. "Safe! Grace safe!" he panted. "Where is she! Take me to her!"

"Come on!" said Gerald. "Where's the man—the fool of a driver?"

"On shore," said the gentleman.

"Ah, Providence watches over children and drunken men," said Gerald, shortly. "Here is your daughter."

The girl fell into her father's arms, and Gerald turned his back, and wrung the superfluous water out of his clothes. Then he heard the girl say remindingly, "Father!" and the old man turned to Gerald and held out his hand.

"My daughter owes her life to you, sir!" he said, with a catch in his voice, and tears in his eyes, which were already wet enough. "I can't thank you——"

Gerald cut in, with the usual awkwardness of the brave man dodging a shower of thanks, with the usual commonplace—

"Don't mention it! I was standing on the bridge—luckily—and saw——; but she ought not to stand there any longer; she must be wet through."

"Yes, yes!" said the father, anxiously. "Is there any place?"

"The inn is only a little way. Let me show you!" said Gerald.

The old man took his daughter's arm within his; but, the excitement waning, he was trembling and almost as much in need of support as she. This Gerald saw, and he held out his arm without a word. She looked at her father, and then at Gerald for an instant, then put her hand on his arm.

Gerald walked her along quickly; he knew the danger of loitering; but presently she stopped.

"I cannot go so fast," she panted, her hand on her heart.

Gerald looked towards the village; it seemed a long way off, and, making no bones of the matter, he cut etiquette, and lifted her in his arms.

She caught her breath, but offered no resistance, the father murmured meekly, "Thank you!" and Gerald carried her to the inn. She was very light, too light for her height, and she nestled down in his arms, and on his broad breast like a tired child.

As they approached the inn, men came out with lanterns; which were quite unnecessary, shouting excitedly; and the landlady met them at the door all of a flutter of hospitable anxiety.

The girl was taken from his arms, and whisked upstairs, and Gerald stood and looked round the inn-parlor, asking himself if the whole thing weren't a dream. The sight of the driver steaming in front of the fire and drinking neat whisky by the tumbler, convinced him of the reality.

Gerald addressed a few pointed remarks to this individual—which were received more with sorrow and anger—and then went to his room to change his clothes, leaving a stream of water trickling behind him.

Opening his bag for the first time since he had left the woodman's hut, he took the first suit that came to hand; it chanced—is there such a thing as chance in this strange world of ours!—to be the suit he had worn the last time he was at the court.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHEN he came down he found the gentleman clad in a suit belonging to the landlady's son, much too large for the present wearer, seated beside the fire. He rose as Gerald entered, and held out his hand.

"Don't be afraid," he said, with a shrewd smile. "I am not going to thank you. There are some things that can't be properly thanked; what you have done to-night is one of them; but if you think I don't know that you risked your life to save ours, you make a great mistake. I know it, and my daughter knows it!"

His eyes, they were sharp and keen—the eyes of a man who has had to keep them pretty wide open during his way through the world—grew moist.

"I hope she is not ill!" said Gerald.

The gentleman shook his head.

"She is not strong at the best of times," he said, gravely, "and this—but we will hope for best. But for you there would be no hope left for me by this time." He tried to repress a shudder.

"I trust she will get a good night's rest, and be all right in the morning," said Gerald. "She was very brave."

"Women — especially when they are delicate — always are," responded the father. "A woman will face things that will make a man quail. But as to a night's rest—!" He shook his head. "She is all nerves. She is coming down directly."

"Is that wise?" said Gerald.

The old man laughed and sighed, but said nothing in response.

"Let me introduce myself," he said. "My name is Harling, Robert Harling. I have just returned to England from Australia—will you bring this gentleman a glass of hot whisky and water, if you please, ma'am?—I shall be glad to know the name of the man to whom I owe a debt which nothing, nothing on earth can repay!"

"My name is Wayre—Gerald Wayre," said Gerald.

He was piling up the logs on the fire as he spoke—to make a blaze by the time the girl came down—and did not see the start which Mr. Harling gave, or the amazed expression of his face at the sound of Gerald's name.

"Wayre?" he said, with a dry cough. "Did you say Wayre? How do you spell it? You see, it's only natural I should be curious."

Gerald smiled, and spelt the name.

"Thanks," said the old gentleman, "I shall not forget it. Here's your whisky; oblige me—oblige me!—by drinking as much of it as you can at a gulp! And here, alas! is my daughter. My dear Grace, if you would only go to bed!"

Gerald turned and saw a strange sight: a beautiful girl, fair as a lily, with flaxen hair and blue eyes—dressed, swathed, rather, in one of the landlady's best frocks. His smile of amusement struggled with the admiration and surprise at her beauty.

She stood, with downcast eyes, for a moment, the color coming and going in her face, then she raised her eyes and poured a glance of gratitude and womanly admiration of his heroism upon him. It was so intense, so magnetic, that it took Gerald's breath away, and made him—well, as awkward and embarrassed as ever a poor man can be.

"Come to the fire, Miss Harling," he said, after he had got his breath back again. "I'm afraid you ought to be in bed, but as you are here—why—why—— Do you feel cold—feverish? Perhaps a doctor——?"

She put the question away with a slight wave of the hand, small as a child's, and white as a lily's.

"I am not cold—I am not anything, but—but wretched with my inability to say what I want to say! Father, you have thanked him, have you told him that—that—we know he saved my life at the risk of his own?"

"Yes, Grace, yes!" he said. "But, like all brave men, Mr. Wayre,"—he looked at her with a compression of the lips and a warning frown as he spoke the name, as if commanding her not to express surprise; but, notwithstanding this significant caution, she started slightly and glanced questioningly at Gerald, who was doing something at the bar—"Mr. Wayre refuses all thanks. He knows!"

"Have you you ever tasted whisky, Miss Harling?" asked Gerald, with rather startling abruptness.

She opened her eyes upon him.

"No! Why?"

"Then—with your father's permission—you are going to taste it for the first time," he said and he held out a glass, mixed as strong as he dared.

She looked at him and shrank back, then she raised her eyes to his, and took the glass as meekly as a lamb.

Her father smiled.

"I might have begged and implored in vain!" he said, half-comically. "Thank you, Mr. Wayre. It's just what she wants."

"It is odious," she said, with a shudder. "But," with a heavenly smile—oh, when will women learn the power of such a smile! But perhaps it is better, for us, that they should not—"I will drink it. Not all!"

"I am afraid it must be all," said Gerald, firmly. "I on't be afraid. It is good whisky, and there is not a headache in a gallon of it."

"May I not have some more water?" she pleaded.

"I think not. You have had the water already, you know," he said.

She laughed—a faint, soft little laugh, like a tired child's—and leant back, with half closed eyes; but the half that was open—and women see so much with half an eye—was fixed on Gerald.

Mr. Harling signed to Gerald to draw his chair up to the fire.

"What about your things?" said Gerald.

"Fortunately, we only had a Gladstone bag with us," responded the old man, with the philosophical air of a man who has roughed it. "The rest is lying at the hotel at Blagford; the landlady has sent in for it. You know Blagford, of course?"

"No," said Gerald. Mr. Harling looked at him with veiled surprise, and Gerald explained—

"I am a stranger here."

"A stranger!" echoed the old man, as if thrown off his guard for a moment.

"Yes," said Gerald. "I only arrived here this evening, and I am off to-morrow."

The half-open eyes opened wholly, and then closed.

"You are travelling for pleasure?" asked Mr. Harling.

Gerald stretched his legs and smiled.

"Well, scarcely," he replied. "I am looking for employment. I am making for one of the large towns; there is more scope there than in the villages."

The old man looked at him with a kind of constrained interest.

"What is your—your business?" he asked. "Please forgive me for seeming curious. The occasion almost warrants it, doesn't it?"

"Oh, don't apologize," said Gerald, in his frank way. "I've so many businesses that I'm troubled to answer; but I'm not particular as to the kind of work. I've been chopping wood, for some weeks past," he added, simply.

The old man stared at him, stared at his clothes, at his face, at his hands. Once or twice in his life Gerald had been forced to wish that he was not a gentleman—or, at least, did not look one.

To be a gentleman and poor enough to be in search of manual labor is to be suspected of all and every kind of evil. Mr. Harling looked at him gravely, his keen eyes reading Gerald's handsome face, as it were, then he smiled, as if any doubts Gerald's speech had raised were dispelled, and he, Mr. Harling, was satisfied, and he laughed.

"In the place I came from a gentleman down on his luck is always regarded with suspicion."

"Father!" said a soft voice.

"Hold on, Grace! But, I am sure that in your case——"

"Oh, I am passing honest, as Hamlet says," said Gerald, with a smile. "But I happen to be poor. It's a crime in most countries; it's almost a capital one here. Some day, I suppose, we shall reach the top height of civilization, and put poor men to death; a painless death—say, by electricity; at present we are allowed to go about—in search of work. I am an architect, painter, horse breaker, cattle runner, sailor, and one or two other things, so that there isn't much danger of my starving."

"And you do not live here?" asked Mr. Harling, after a pause, during which he had seemed to be digesting Gerald's curt information.

"No!" said Gerald. "I live nowhere, as the phrase goes."

"You may have friends here?" asked the old man, with an uneasy kind of carelessness.

"No," said Gerald.

Miss Grace opened her eyes again.

"You forget that we are sitting here," she said, in a very low voice.

"Thank you!" said Gerald.

"And where were you employed last, Mr. Wayre?" asked Mr. Harling.

Gerald winced, but answered after a moment.

"At a place in Downshire, I was altering an old mansion. But the work was interrupted. Since then I have been doing a little amateur forestry, but I met with an accident—a tree fell a little too previously, and I broke my leg."

Miss Grace uttered a faint cry of sympathy, and leant forward.

"I am all right now," said Gerald quickly, to reassure her. "A broken leg sounds worse than it is, and doesn't count, if it is well set. I'm none the worse for it."

"It doesn't prevent your swimming, anyway!" remarked Mr. Harling.

Gerald laughed.

"To-morrow I am going to resume my tramp."

Miss Grace rose.

"Will you help me upstairs, father?" she said.

"I will say 'good bye,' Miss Harling," said Gerald. "I shall probably have started before you are awake to-morrow."

She gave him her small, thin hand, and though he did not notice the fact, it fluttered in his strong palm.

When Mr. Harling came down again, he lit his pipe, and smoked in silence for a few minutes, then he said—

"I think you said you were a painter, Mr. Wayre; do you paint portraits?"

"Yes, after a fashion," Gerald replied.

"Will you paint my daughter?" asked the old gentleman, as if he were asking a favor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is low, frivolous, and too often dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it; neighbors made enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.

MIDSUMMER-DAY.

BY M. S.

The brooklets laugh, the breezes sing,
The soft airs come and go,
The foxglove-bells carillons ring,
The lilies whisper low;
The red rose glows more deeply red
By brook and meadow-way,
No clouds obscure the blue o'erhead
On this fair Summer day.

The skylark sings a chanson high
In blithe and happy mood,
The landrails in the clover cry,
The cuckoos in the wood;
The heather burns, the gorses blaze,
The world is glad and gay,
Because to-day's the best of days—
And 'tis my wedding-day!

On the High Seas.

BY L. B. S.

IT was weather that not unfrequently attends an English al-fresco entertainment—chilly, showery, and windy; nevertheless towards five o'clock one afternoon late in May the guests of Mrs. Druce Drummond were arriving in considerable numbers; for these good suburban folk, while assuming a critical moral attitude towards the Firs, would have crawled thither almost on hands and knees, and in any weather, rather than miss its—to them—rarely-extended hospitality.

I had no wish to attend; but argument and entreaty had alike failed me with the affectionate sister whose guest I was.

"You have lived," she said recklessly, "among wild medical students, clergy of unsettled belief, fast men about town, and advanced women, till you are hardly fit for Christian society. You must come with me. The Druce Drummonds have a magnificent place; and I believe some people think the mistress of it lovely!"

The magnificence of the Firs was beyond dispute; and from the moment of my introduction to her, I had no doubt about the beauty of its mistress.

She had beautiful, abundant hair, a skin that no exposure could redden, and deeply fringed light-blue eyes. The mouth alone imperilled her claims to beauty. I thought it firm and sweet—many said the firmness triumphed over the sweetness—and the chin I gave up at once—it was firm, uncompromisingly firm; but the throat would have given even an ugly woman a claim to beauty.

After acknowledging my introduction graciously enough, she resumed her conversation with the more intimate friends about her.

"I suppose I could set up an idol like the rest of you," she said, doubtfully.

"Never, Laura!" returned the lady to whom this was addressed. "Only let you suspect the clay feet upon which the finest of our idols stand, and you would conclude that the whole image was of that material and down he or she must go beyond recovery!"

"Quite beyond recovery," said Mrs. Druce Drummond, with the slight laugh that was so eloquent of her perfect indifference to all these good people with whom she was exchanging civilities—an indifference which I soon discovered extended to Mr. Druce Drummond.

"No children, poor thing!" whispered my sister, who, in spite of the social privileges she was enjoying, was longing for the moment that should restore her to her own noisy twins.

While waiting for that moment, she entertained me with all she knew, and a good deal that she only surmised, of the Druce Drummond history.

The head of the family needed but little to be said about him. Handsome, faultlessly dressed, he was the "sublimated" city man, chairman of a dozen companies, a bank-director, candidate for a forthcoming Parliamentary election, and patron saint of his suburban village. The wife's history interested me more.

She had been a penniless girl, of good family; and perhaps much pressure had not been needed to induce such a one at the age of seventeen to become the mistress of the Firs, with almost unlimited command of money.

But, if she had sacrificed herself for her relatives, not one remained to profit by the sacrifice—a fact which possibly accounted for a certain air of loneliness and want of sympathy with her surroundings.

The afternoon wore away, as such afternoons do, and was marked by one incident. My hostess, the centre of an admiring group, was sitting by some ornamental water, idly playing with an exquisitely-carved fan, when into the group bounded a magnificent retriever.

The animal apparently expected his mistress' fan to be thrown into the water for his amusement; but Mrs. Drummond only continued to rub the ivory against her forehead. Suddenly the dog made a spring. His mistress uttered a low cry.

"Has he hurt you?" cried a dozen voices.

"It's a mere scratch," said our hostess; but the lace handkerchief she held to her temple was already stained with blood, and her fan lay broken at her feet.

"You had better," said I, advancing, "let me ascertain if the scratch is from your broken fan or from the dog's teeth."

My tone was so professional that her half-uttered refusal changed to a hasty "Excuse me" to her guests; and, without further hesitation, she led the way to the house.

The first room we entered was too dark for my purpose; the second, leading out of the library, was lighter.

"This will do?" she said questioningly, and seated herself by the window, while I proceeded to examine her injury.

It was more serious than I had at first supposed. The dog's teeth had gone in deeply, while just above the temple a tiny piece of splintered ivory was firmly embedded.

"May I ring for your maid and some hot water?" I said.

"We shall find both in my dressing-room," she said, rising.

Again I followed her, this time up some broad shallow stairs, across a dimly-lighted corridor, and into the luxurious apartment she called her dressing-room.

To me this first introduction to the most private surroundings of a woman of fashion was a revelation. My patient's nerves however proved to be of the strongest. Through some sharply painful moments the beautiful head lay motionless under my hands.

"Now," said I at last, "let me beg of you to rest, if only for ten minutes. I can find my own way back to the garden."

"You are very kind," she said languidly. "As you are up here, won't you go through the picture gallery? There are one or two things worth seeing—among them the picture we were talking of when that wretched animal interrupted us."

I gladly accepted her suggestion.

As I opened the door, Mr. Druce Drummond brushed past me. If solicitude for his wife's welfare had changed the floridness of that handsome *face* to its present ashy pallor, I had done this gentleman injustice.

Presently I forgot all about the Druce Drummonds in absorbed contemplation of the modern masterpiece that was one of the acknowledged glories of the establishment. The picture gallery was a series of small rooms, each of which interested me considerably more than the company I had left.

After a time, when I would have returned to the garden, I found myself in a labyrinth of passages; but that leading to the corridor from which I had started I could not discover.

My last attempt brought me to a blank wall, and I was about to retrace my steps, when I found my retreat cut off. Just as I was about to open a door which was slightly ajar it was suddenly closed, and a voice, my late patient's, said with singular distinctness—

"Leave you? No! I wish I had done that when I first discovered that you were a very—clever man of business. What do you want me to do?"

The reply was inaudible; it provoked a remorseless rejoinder.

"So be it! Then I leave you for ever. I don't care for poverty; I——"

"What the deuce do you care for?"

"The disgrace of ever having been your wife."

The rest of the colloquy did not reach my ears; but in a few minutes the rustle of silken skirts and the closing of a door further down the passage told me that I was free to resume my wanderings, which at last ended successfully, for I soon found myself on the front terrace, where my host and hostess were taking leave of their guests. Social stars of the first magnitude had already departed; and, when my little sister recognised this fact, she allowed me to order her carriage.

"Where did you disappear to?" she said, as we drove out of the gates.

"Lost myself among the pictures," I answered, at once turning the conversation upon my twin-nieces—a subject sure to absorb their mother to the exclusion of every other.

The next morning I came down late for breakfast, and found Emily and my brother-in-law greatly excited over the previous night's newspaper.

"Drummond's firm has gone all to pieces," said my sister, without looking up. "It's no ordinary failure; and two of the partners are missing. The Drummonds must have known it while we were there yesterday."

I listened to Emily's comments in silence; and presently, in the hurry of departure, forgot all about the Druce Drummonds, until, passing through London, I found the failure the principal topic of conversation.

By road and rail the iniquities of Drummond and his partner pursued me; nor did I escape the subject till the following evening found me on board the Arethusa, bound for Australia.

She was a new ship, with a new captain and a new surgeon—myself, to wit. Too many times in the course of a wandering life had I watched the receding shores of my native land to be much moved now by the sight; but among the motley crowd on deck there were to be seen and heard tears and cheers, blessings and cursings, human nature displaying itself with only a thin veneer of civilisation, for the Arethusa was an emigrant ship pure and simple, with rather over than under her complement of passengers.

A small patrimony had hitherto enabled me to pursue the career of rolling-stone and amateur philanthropist; and why I had at last turned ship's doctor puzzled my friends, and even myself when I found leisure to survey my present surroundings. Vice and virtue, squalor and respectability, were each and all represented on board the vessel.

"A rougher lot I never had charge of," remarked Captain Edwards.

Presently our one first-class passenger drew my attention to a couple that looked very different from the others.

"Russian Jews," said my new friend.

"An English scamp," said I.

We drew nearer. The subject of our dispute was talking to the woman by his side in, to me, an unknown tongue.

"I told you so," said my friend, triumphantly. "I know the type."

"And what of that swarthy beauty, presumably his wife?"

"Gipsy bred without doubt. But, Jew, Turk, infidel—what matters, when a woman is as handsome as that?" said the young fellow with a careless laugh, as he walked away to watch the giving out of evening rations to the eager crowd already assembled.

The next morning the crowd was smaller and considerably less eager. We were having roughish weather, and I had my hands full. When I had time to look round again, I found that our first-class passenger, Mr. Taylor, and the Russian Jew had struck up a traveling friendship. Doubtless the conversation of the Russian was entertaining; but the beaux yeux of his gipsy companion had, I felt sure, drawn my friend to the trap into which he had fallen—a trap from which he, with an enigmatical smile, declined all my well-meant efforts to extricate him.

"Madame Wronsky is worth losing a few shillings over," he said, in answer to my remonstrances.

We had been but a week at sea when an unmistakable case of small pox appeared among the steerage passengers. In the crowded state of the ship isolation was difficult—almost impossible.

In a few days I had half a dozen cases on my hands, among them the stewardess. Harder to fight against than the disease itself was the consequent demoralisation of the passengers. Some were suddenly stricken by the disease, some after a few days' warning. Among the latter was the Russian. I attended him for a few days, and then ordered him into hospital. He rebelled, of course, but found rebellion useless. Then his wife offered to take the place of the disabled stewardess, and, being at my wits' end for help, I accepted her.

"She is used to such work," said the man. "A woman does not knock about the world, from camp to Court, for nothing. She has nursed sick soldiers, crowned heads, Russian prisoners."

He was inclined to be garrulous, and, in real or pretended delirum after a phrase or two, always lapsed into French. He spoke of himself as a Russian Nihilist, and made no secret of the fate he had richly deserved and would have suffered had not fortune favored his escape.

His attack, after all, proved to be a very slight one. His wife nursed him with care, skill, and patience—with everything but tenderness, and that she did not lack that quality many of the wretched stricken people could testify. When Wronsky took his place among the convalescents she remained in the hospital, in accordance with the bargain she had made.

There had been no fresh case for days when, late one evening, I was summoned to a refractory patient whom Madame had failed to compose. I heard her voice, calm and authoritative, as she bent over the poor fellow, whose ravings were making night hideous.

"Take care!" I cried.

The warning however came too late. As I approached the man sprang up and, in a frenzy of delirium, flung her almost into my arms.

"Are you hurt?" said I anxiously, for in the dim light her features looked distorted, her swarthy complexion assumed an ashy pallor.

Without speaking she wrenched herself from my detaining hand and stumbled towards the door. Some ten minutes later, when I left my patient comparatively quiet, I found her in the corridor. She still looked shockingly ill, but was deaf to all my inquiries.

"Let me see you stand," I said determinedly.

With indomitable pluck she rose, and for a second confronted me. As we stood thus, Mr. Taylor walked slowly by towards his own cabin.

"Do you want me?" he asked, with an unpleasant laugh.

"You or another," I said. "Don't you see the woman is fainting? Help me to carry her across to my cabin."

He came forward, and not unskilfully obeyed my directions.

"Now," said I, "kindly send one of the women here; not just the first you come across—that gaunt Scotchwoman will do."

"All in good time, Doctor!" And, taking the lamp from its swing, he deliberately examined my patient's face. "She won't come to just yet," he said. "Anything else you want, Doctor?"

"I want you to do what I asked you a minute ago! What the deuce do you stand there for?" said I.

"Curiosity. Just give me a look in when you've finished here, will you?"

As the quickest way to get rid of him, I assented.

So far as I could tell at the moment my patient's injury was a sprain, affecting not only the foot, but the whole of the right side. To remove the clumsy shoe and stocking was the work of a moment; but then I stood dumbfounded.

The foot resting in my hand was white, while dark as a gipsy's was the inanimate face upon the pillow. With a sudden impulse I pushed back the hair from her brow. Half an inch above the right temple was a small scarcely-healed scar.

I heard the footsteps of my returning messenger, who was accompanied by the Scotchwoman. The former passed on to his own cabin, while to the latter I addressed the following warning—

"Mrs. McLeod, this passenger will be your especial care. Don't allow her to talk, and don't allow any one in here on any pretence whatever."

I knew she would carry out my orders, for she was going out to the colony as a nurse, and had already asked me for a testimonial. If she satisfied me now, I should give her one that would really help her. With her assistance I had soon done all that was possible for my patient's comfort.

In fulfilment of my promise I crossed to Taylor's cabin. He was studying two photographs, which he placed triumphantly before me.

"Recognise them, Doctor?" he asked excitedly. "That's Druce Drummond, the biggest scoundrel unhanged, and that's your interesting patient—as she looks in Court dress!"

My first feeling was one of intense relief that the discovery was not mine alone—that Druce Drummond's fate was not in my hands.

"You are interested in the matter?" I said presently.

"Not personally. I've been at private-inquiry work from my youth upwards, and I'm going out now to start on my own account. A night or so before I left England I saw my old chief, who happens to be in charge of this job of Drummond's. 'You'll be knocking about a bit before you start,' said he; 'take a look at these'—handing me the photographs you hold—'and keep your eyes open. The party that's after him means business, and he won't escape us long. Of course he'll make for the Continent.' No 'of course' about the matter, thought I; but, to be frank with you, Doctor, such a bit of luck as this never entered my head. Here have I been check by jowl with our Nihilist friend, and never even suspected him till

two days ago. That wife of his is a woman of genius?"

"What is the specific charge against him?"

"Fraud, misappropriation of trust-moneys, et cetera. I can't enumerate all his virtues; but I can tell you this much—he'll get seven years if he's lucky, fourteen if he gets his deserts. Well, good night, Doctor! You don't seem to have a love for this business; you needn't put a finger to it. I've had my little talk with the Captain; the proper authorities will be ready to receive our friend."

It was a severe check to Mr Taylor's enthusiasm when, on arrival, we were condemned, as I had foretold, to a lengthy quarantine. At the end of the prescribed time we underwent a severe inspection by the medical officers of the port, and were then allowed to land passengers under restrictions that gave me a great deal of discretionary power.

I made no attempt to detain the pseudo-Nihilist or Mr. Taylor when, about noon, I saw them depart together. The former explained his eagerness to land by saying that, after all his wife had gone through, he must find some comfortable place to take her to directly I pronounced her fit to go ashore.

The afternoon was a long and busy one; and toward evening I got a note from Taylor.

"We had not," he wrote, "been ashore an hour before Drummond was in the hands of the authorities. He will be sent back to England very shortly at his country's expense; and your humble servant has had the biggest stroke of luck any sucking detective could ask for. I dare say we could manage a passage for the wife too, if she likes to apply."

As I thought of the proud beautiful woman who had been reared in every luxury dependent on the good offices of the man Taylor, I could have anathematized the brute who had brought her to this pass, and the more heartily when I reflected that possibly she loved him still.

It was my unpleasant task to acquaint her with the contents of Taylor's note. She still occupied my cabin. I found her propped up, as well as the scant space would allow, close to the open porthole.

"Mrs. Drummond," I began, "you will never get well here; let me help you on deck."

As I spoke her name, her cheeks paled, but in a moment she recovered her self-possession, and her eyes looked fearlessly into mine. She had no longer anything to conceal, hardly anything to learn; for, at my first words, she had guessed all. Worse than widowed, ill, friendless in a strange land, she faced with calmness a situation that appeared to me so desperate that I tried to define it a little more clearly.

Of minor details she seemed to have lost sight, and, among others, the impossibility of landing in the wretched clothes she then wore.

During her illness I had watched the olive skin grow pale, the brown hair become golden, the whole pitiful deception fade day by day; and yet, as the mistress of the Firs, she had seemed to me more approachable than at this period. When, however, I had taken her on deck and had established her as comfortably as was possible in the circumstances, there was nothing for it, as she remained silent, but to put very plainly the questions I wanted answered.

"My last convalescent is ready to land; the ship will be cleared on Friday. Have you settled where to go?"

"Not yet."

"Have you any friends here?"

"Not yet."

"Have you any money? It's no good," I said, as she turned away indignantly; "you must trust me, for you've no one else to confide in. And don't lay the result of this voyage to my charge. I never recognised either you or your husband."

"So I saw," she said. "When you came on board, I felt——"

"Well?"

"Well, in spite of our short acquaintance, I felt a little less dread of the voyage and of the people."

"Then justify your own premonitions now," I said hastily, "and let me save you from unnecessary trouble and annoyance."

"Of course I must have help," she said slowly, "though not quite the help you are good enough to offer!"

Then on some trifling pretext she sent me away; and, when I returned, she held out some jewels.

"Dispose of these," she said, "and you will do me the greatest and the only service I want from any one." She saw a look of hesitation in my face. "In spite of the proverb, it is possible to touch without being defiled, Mr. Meredith! I did not bring from my husband's house a single thing bought with his money. All these were wedding-gifts—and from my own friends!"

The next day we went ashore, and here also Mrs. McLeod came to my assistance. She had a sister living some twenty miles inland, and I drove her and Mrs. Drummond thither. Leaving the latter comfortably established, I returned to execute the commission she had entrusted to me.

In a few days I took her the money I had received for the jewels. A diamond necklace I had sold to a private individual for a fair price, the remaining articles had gone to a dealer for little more than half their value; but altogether the sum realised was sufficient to relieve me of any anxiety concerning Mrs. Drummond for two or three years to come, and she apparently had none for herself.

There was an indescribable air of youth and freshness and relief in her appearance, and something that made a blue print gown a thousandfold more becoming than the simple, though costly, toilette in which I had first made her acquaintance.

"Frugal as you may be," I said, as she took the notes from my hand, "these won't last for ever. Shall I invest all that you do not want before I go back to England?"

"Are you not going at once?"

"Not for two or three months—perhaps longer."

"As you like, then," said she, adding naively, "Why are you so kind? Why do you give yourself all this trouble?"

I have known about three unaffected women in my life, and Laura Drummond was one of them. She put these questions in all good faith; but, looking up, she saw reflected in the mirror that was the sole ornament of the farmhouse parlor her own exceeding beauty and my, for the moment, unguarded admiration of it.

"Forgive my questions," she said lightly; "it was pardonable in one fresh from a world where it is the fashion to give nothing for nothing. You see I can in no way repay the great kindness you have shown me."

"I know it," said I; "but you can trust me. Heaven helping me, I will never let you regret that you have done so!"

It was a hard vow to make; it was harder still to keep when I knew her better, and her real nature, so long repressed, gradually revealed itself. It was a simple, useful, frugal life she led, with few distractions and no joys, except that of freedom. Sometimes I was unkind enough to wish that joy might cease to be to her so all-suffering.

The question of my return to England remained in abeyance. I had nothing to call me thither, and I had got together a small practice in the town, and a larger, if less lucrative, one in the outlying districts. Often a real, more often still an imaginary patient called me in the direction of Mrs. Drummond's retreat.

Returning early one morning from a bona-fide case, I saw her stand at the gate of the farmhouse. She was as fair as the morning itself.

"It is long since I have been to give an account of my stewardship," said I, dismounting. "May I come in, in spite of the hour?"

"Certainly you may! The days are very long sometimes!"

It was the first semblance of a complaint I had heard from her lips, and it led to the question I had come to ask her.

"Mrs. Drummond, I have brought you the English newspapers. The trial has gone badly—worse than was expected. The two junior partners are sentenced to seven and fourteen years respectively."

I knew by the gasp she gave that she had not anticipated such a result. I knew too, that she had not a spark of love for the man whose name she bore; but I saw that his fate caused her a feeling of almost intolerable shame.

"Will you," I asked, "spend those years here, or in England?"

"Those years," she said, impatiently, "are to me as other years. Directly I found out that I had married a man who did not understand honor and honesty as I understand them, we parted as man and wife forever; that is more than two years ago now."

"You have not erred on the side of clemency, Mrs. Drummond. His sins were against society, not, as I gather, against you."

"Not against me?" she echoed. "What is my life worth now? You ask where I will live. I will live where I can best hide my existence—and that is here. You have not read as I have, every line that tells of the abject poverty that has befallen some who trusted him—men and women who were industrious and saving, while we lived as you saw us!"

"You know that, when those seven years are over, you cannot separate your life from his—if he wills otherwise!"

"Can I not?" she said contemptuously. "I came out here with him because, having acquiesced in, even encouraged the senseless extravagance of our home, I had no right to withhold such help as he demanded. If," she added—"if I can do anything to soften his lot, I will spend my last farthing; but I will never again consider my life part of his."

"And you will not communicate with your friends?"

"I have no very near, certainly no very dear friends!" she returned. "I will take steps to hear of, not from, my husband at stated intervals."

I left her then, for I saw that she wanted solitude, not sympathy; and, contrary to her usual custom, not a word was said about my next visit.

From that date my visits grew less frequent, and were never made without some valid excuse. After an unusually long absence, I rode over to the farm. When I reached the farmhouse, Laura Drummond, with the little daughter of the house in her arms, was standing on the verandah. The child, as I kissed her, said reproachfully—

"Thousands and thousands of days we have been to the gate and you've never come!"

Involuntarily my eyes sought Laura's, who, with pale cheeks, laughingly disputed the child's figures.

I followed her into the house, when hospitable Mrs. McCree errried me off to remove the dust of my journey and to partake of one of the interminable Australian meals then in progress.

When I returned, Mrs. Drummond's cheeks had regained their usual color, and her manner had even more than its accustomed repose.

"I've brought you half a dozen papers to sign, and one momentous question to answer," I said.

"The papers first, then," she said; and, taking them, she signed one after another with business-like rapidity, then walked to the window and there awaited the question.

"I'm tired of town-life," I said. "Douglas' farm is to let. Will you have me for a neighbor?"

"No—a thousand times no!" she answered, turning round sharply. "You are wasting your life here—I have meant to tell you so for months! You must get back to Europe."

Her manner seemed to have lost its cold imperiousness.

"I am content to remain thirty miles away from you, not to go some thousand. You have only to decide between the farm and the town."

"Not the farm—not the town!" she said entreatingly. "You have done everything for me; I can manage alone now."

Alone for seven years, and then perhaps a bondage worse than her present loneliness! No wonder there were tears in her eye and terror in her heart. Once more I forgot my own interest in the cruelty of her fate.

"If I have never broken my word to you, never made you regret that you trusted me, let things remain as they are. I will give up my project, and stay where I am, seeing you as often or as seldom as you will."

"It cannot be," she said. "I would trust you for ever, if I could still trust myself."

"Do you mean that I must go because you love me?" I cried, dizzy from happiness.

"Because I love you!" she returned slowly.

"Tell me once how much, and I swear to you it shall be our 'Good-bye!'"

Life would have been well worth living if that minute had ended it; but the very tenderness and passion of her kiss compelled me to keep the vow that had bought it.

I do not remember the next few minutes very clearly. I can only recall some one handing a letter to Mrs. Drummond.

"It is dark—I cannot see!" she whispered hoarsely.

I strode towards her and picked up the letter her trembling fingers had let fall. It contained a certificate of death and a brief note from the chaplain of Dartmoor prison, which ran as follows—

"MADAM—I enclose herewith a copy of the certificate of your husband's death, which took place a few days after my last quarterly communication was dispatched to you. I shall be glad to afford you any further information you may desire."

"It is over; would to Heaven that it had never been! Make me forget—only make me forget!" Laura cried.

"I am waiting, Laura, to know when I may begin that task," I said.

"In a year and a day perhaps," she replied.

"Listen, Laura," I said, looking at her in amazement. "Half an hour ago I was willing to leave you because your honor and mine were at stake. I am not willing to leave you for some wretched conventionality, by infringing which we break no moral law. We're a lone pair in a strange land. What is to be gained by our waiting?"

Laura burst into tears.

"Your widowhood," I pursued, "has lasted long enough; my love has been from the first day I saw you."

It was my last argument, and it prevailed.

Within a week the purchase of Douglas' farm was completed, and we rode over to take possession of an almost empty house, going some little distance out of our way to get married.

Scientific and Useful.

THE PHONOGRAPH.—They are trying to invent a phonographic desk on which a speaker can record his own orations. This is to be tested in the German Reichstag.

STREET SPRINKLERS.—The up-to-date cities now use street sprinklers with wheel tires six inches wide, and the outside of the front tire is placed even with the inside of the rear tire, the machine thus rolling twenty-four inches of street as it moves along, and doing excellent work in keeping the streets in good condition.

THE BURGLAR.—A simple and ingenious check upon the wary burglar is obtained by "cottoning" the walls of large houses containing valuables, the thread being stretched from end to end of the wall and about a foot above it, so as to be out of the way of wandering cats. If during the night the policeman finds the cotton broken, he immediately proceeds to make an investigation of the premises. The device has been adopted in many places with satisfactory results.

LIFE-SAVING.—Another Life-saving device which to us seems far more feasible is for employment by a stranded or storm-beaten vessel from which it is desired to carry a line to shore. The line is fastened to a hollow ball made of rubber or sheet-metal, which is thrown overboard and carried by the wind to the beach, its construction enabling it to withstand any knocking about it may receive among the breakers. In a recent test, a communicating-line was by this means carried ashore very rapidly in a high wind.

Farm and Garden.

FLOWERS.—Never water the flowers in the flower yard during the middle of the day, but in the evening, after the sun goes down. To every gallon of water add a teaspoonful of nitrate of soda, and the same of phosphate of potash, using the crude substances, as they are cheaper than the refined.

THE DAIRY.—An experienced dairymen states that he always uses a thermometer and ripens his cream at 60 degrees, cools the ripe cream to 55, and churns until the butter is about the size of shot, when he then draws off all of the buttermilk, and washes the butter with water that is about two degrees cooler than the butter.

GRASS.—Almost anything spread thinly over grass lands will help them. Even material not very rich and which itself will not grow a good crop will make the grass grow better, because it acts as a mulch for the grass roots beneath. The washings of poor uplands will fertilize the richer soil of the valley below. But except where top-dressing can be thus done naturally by irrigation it will not pay to top-dress with poor material. The labor will be too great, and it will trample and cut up the grass too much unless the fertilizing material is put on during the winter.

SOONER OR LATER a neglected Cold will develop a constant cough, shortness of breath, failing strength, and wasting of flesh, all symptomatic of some serious lung affection, which may be avoided or palliated by using in time Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sanative.

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On Chivalry.

We are inclined to look back on our distant forefathers with an air of complacent superiority; they were ignorant men at the best, living in rude times; we, "the heirs of all ages," are naturally their betters, living more tasteful, sweeter, and wiser lives. And yet some of the choicest of our conceptions of life come from them—conceptions that shame the low standard of our daily existence.

Consider the word "chivalry," and the thought that it preserves for us, and confess that there is a delicate aroma lingering round the word that seems almost too rare and good for our modern superior age. We cannot, on closer consideration, think slightingly of the days and the men who bequeathed to us the thought and practice of chivalry. The ideas underlying the word are needed now as much as ever, and always will be needed. A practical glance at chivalry will not reveal it as something high-flown and romantic, belonging to the past, but rather as a rule of life required to-day, particularly in its courtesy to the fair sex.

How far is the received idea of the chivalrous treatment of women likely to be modified by the change in the relaxation of the sexes which the advanced, independent, self-reliant type of woman is seeking to bring about? What will be the effect of the demand for equal duties, privileges, and responsibilities for men and women upon the courtesies that are now the acknowledged right of every woman?

We will at once answer the question in so far as a great majority of women are concerned. They will go on contentedly as heretofore. They prefer the deference, though it be sometimes touched with condescension, the gallantry, the petting, the protective superiority that have been displayed by man to show unconsciously the advantage which he willingly lays down because of his admiration of woman and his devotion to her.

The average woman is well aware that she is not likely to be a gainer personally by asserting her rights and struggling for an acknowledged equality with men. To her it would be pleasanter to accept an advantage that had been gracefully conceded by a man because of respect for her womanhood than it would be to wrest the same advantage for her own use by her own unaided effort.

But, though these are the sentiments of the average woman, they are repudiated by a small section; and the lives of a considerable number of women-workers are so tending as to make the chivalrous relation of men towards women more difficult to sustain.

Take an instance in which men and women are working as equals at the same work, and in competition, in a limited degree, with each other. How in such cases is chivalry to be safeguarded and developed? Perhaps the most independent and self-reliant of women is the professional journalist. To what extent ought she to count upon a chivalrous regard for her sex from the men with whom she works, and whose duties interact with her own?

Undoubtedly, where men and women congregate for similar work, there is a tendency to grudge the woman the double advantage of an equality of standing with men, backed, if necessary, by an appeal to the weakness of her sex. The particularly independent self-assertive modern woman has been known to jostle brutal man and then indignantly ask him how he dares to withstand a lady. That is a spirit that would eventually be fatal to chivalry.

We are well aware that the desire for personal predominance, which leads people in some cases only to accept and care for what they can seize and take, is not wide-spread, and that an immense majority of women would be best pleased by offerings made to their womanhood; still there is a drift in some quarters towards the substitution of capable self-sufficiency in women for the qualities which appeal to chivalrous feeling.

When men judge men to see whether they care for them, a chivalrous disposition is one of the most universally-felt attractions. A good deal of admiration is drawn forth from many men by whosoever is thoroughly capable, though he may be a rogue; but liking does not necessarily follow admiration. It is the generous strain that wins the heart. So true is this that, were it not impossible to associate a sense of chivalry with sordid thoughts, it might be maintained that in the end chivalry pays the man who cherishes it.

That result may often be seen in the success or failure of men who engage in public life and display their character-qualities in their speeches. There is the man who believes that the least trace of chivalrous feeling is a weakness, and that the enemy may be attacked legitimately in any way that is likely to be effective. He is the kind of man who cynically says, "Never admit anything; never say a word for an opponent!" He is always afraid lest he should "give himself away."

On the other hand, there is the man who would not dream of combating a truth on the ground that his opponent had advanced it. He admits freely all the parts of his opponents' argument which he believes to be sound. He never tries to minimize legitimate credit.

Which of these men will win the more favor and best serve the cause he is advocating? We believe that, whoever be the judges, the verdict will be given in favor of the frank chivalrous controversialist. The other will soon be rated at this true value, as a man desperately and unscrupulously trying to snatch an argumentative victory.

The man with the sentiment of chivalry so strong within him that he must treat an opponent fairly, and even generously, will soon win attention and confidence on the points whereon he differs from his opponent, so that unwittingly the policy of generosity becomes economical. But no one can practise chivalry for gain. They may imitate it. Chivalrous sentiment is entertained aright only because it is beautiful, and is its own reward since it satisfies the finest scruples of honor.

To form the manners of men, nothing contributes so much as the cast of the women they converse with. Those who are most associated with women of virtue and understanding will always be found the most amiable characters. Such society, beyond everything else, rubs off the protrusions that give to many an ungracious roughness; it produces a polish more perfect and more pleasing than that which is received from a general commerce with the world. This last is often specious, but commonly superficial; the other is the result of gentler feelings, and a more elegant humanity; the heart itself is moulded, and habits of undissembled courtesy are formed.

IT is good that we have sometimes some troubles and crosses; for they often make a man enter into himself, and consider that he is here in banishment, and ought not to place his trust in any worldly thing. It is good that we be sometimes contradicted, and that there be an evil or a lessening conceit had of us; and this, although we do and intend well. These things help often to the attaining of humility, and defend us from vain-glory; for then we chiefly seek God for our inward witness, when outwardly we be condemned by men, and when there is no credit given unto us.

No rigid limits of conversion need keep any two people asunder who are formed for each other's society and friendship. Where there is sympathy of heart and mind, adaptability of disposition and character, and congeniality of feeling, it is treasonable to all noble manhood and womanhood to talk or to think of differences in dress or fashion, in styles of living or nature of employments, in income or expenditure, as offering any obstacle to intimate and pleasurable companionship.

ALL moral excellence thrives in an atmosphere of appreciation. Many a man has won a victory over fierce temptation simply by the consciousness that some one has faith in him and believes that he will conquer. Many a one also has been driven into desperate iniquity by the thought that there is not one left who cherishes any hope for his future.

THE snob is the child of aristocratic societies. Perched on a step of the long ladder, he respects the man on the round above him, and despises the man on the step below, without inquiring what they are worth, solely on account of their position; in his innermost heart he finds it natural to kiss the boots of the first, and to kick the second.

THE soul always impresses itself upon the body in which it lives. It is the light which shines through the eye in love or hate, in dream or purpose. The thoughts we think and the feeling which fills our hearts become as a part of the blood that courses in our veins.

HUMAN happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue nor knowledge has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanction of the Christian religion.

WHO gains wisdom? He who is willing to receive instruction from all sources. Who is the mighty man? He who subdueth his temper. Who is rich? He who is contented with his lot. Who is deserving of honor? He who honoreth mankind.

PLEASANT recollections generally promote cheerfulness and hopefulness, and painful ones despondency and gloom. Thus the happiness that flows from the right regulation of the feelings tends to perpetuate itself.

TEMPTATION often assails the finest natures, as the pecking sparrow or destructive wasp attacks the sweetest and mellowest fruit, eschewing what is sour and crude.

THOUGHT and sympathy are often more valuable than anything money can procure. Both need continual circulation to keep them wholesome and strong.

YOU are not here to vegetate or to dream; you were born to act. Every man coming into the world is furnished with a commission of service.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L.—Putty is made by mixing common whiting, pounded very fine, with linseed oil, until it becomes about the consistency of dough.

A. G. S.—The methods used to measure the rainfall are simple, and all on the same principle. A very good one would consist of a funnel, the upper opening of which should have, say, an area of one hundred square inches, and which should terminate at the other end in a graduated glass tube, of an area of one square inch. The height of the water collected in the tube in any period, divided by one hundred, would give the rainfall for that time, provided proper precautions were taken against loss by evaporation.

NATURALIST.—The great auk, a web-footed bird, with short wings, which it employed as fins or paddles for swimming under water, was as large as a goose, an inhabitant of the most northerly shores, and was a very rare visitant to the Orkney and Shetland Islands and the Hebrides; it was formerly abundant on the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland: the great auk laid but one egg, four or five inches in length, and three in its greatest breadth; the eggs were laid on the bare rock, without any pretence of a nest; it is now believed to be extinct.

M. M.—It has been stated that roller or wheel-skates were invented indirectly by Meyerbeer, the great musical composer. The story runs that while "Le Prophete" was in rehearsal in Paris, Meyerbeer mentioned to the manager that he had been desirous of introducing a skating scene in the second act, but not deeming it practicable had not proposed it. The manager wishing to oblige the composer revolved the idea in his mind, and finally conceived the notion of skates mounted on wheels. The conception was immediately put into practice, and in due time the entire ballet company appeared on wheels.

ART.—Hogarth was the founder of a society of artists which was the precursor of the Royal Academy of England; he established in 1739 the Society of Incorporated Artists, whose first exhibition was held in 1760; in 1768 the Royal Academy was established by charter, and Joshua Reynolds, who was knighted on the occasion was the first president; the first exhibition was in 1769; in 1771 there was another at old Somerset House; from 1780 to 1838 the annual exhibitions were held in the present Somerset House; from that time until the year 1868 they were held at the National Gallery; the present galleries at Burlington House were first opened in May 1869.

T. T.—Wood impregnated with creosote oil has been found to resist effectually the ravages of worms. In Germany chloride of zinc is used for the purpose, the wood being placed in boilers partly exhausted of air, and the vapor of chlorine thus driven into it. The chief objection to the use of chemicals is their cost. It is said that wood steeped in a solution of copperas becomes comparatively indestructible. A simple way of using chloride of zinc is to mix five pounds of it with every twenty-five gallons of water required, and steep the wood in the solution. In the East Indies the juice of aloes is employed as a varnish to preserve wood from worms and other insects.

ARDENT.—You ask us whether we think that very attentive politeness on the part of a young man and obvious blushing when he shakes hands are signs of love. Plainly it depends upon the sensibility of the young man. If he is naturally polite and chivalrous towards ladies, and also shy, he may show you much attention, and blush like a girl whenever he is surprised, and yet may harbor no thoughts of love. Some of the shyest and apparently most susceptible of men are the most impervious to women's attractions. Does your suspected admirer show equal politeness and sensibility towards other ladies? Nothing is more delusive and foolish than the attempt by young man or young woman to read with exactness the minor signs of admiration. You have no right to assume that people love you unless they say so. Sociability between young folk of opposite sexes must become a nuisance if they cannot be polite and attentive and blush, if it is their misfortune to have contracted the habit, without being set down as in love. It would be much the better for you to assume that the young fellow is not in love.

BIRR.—Stammering and defective speech is an affection of the vocal organs, which is aggravated by depression of spirits, derangement of the digestive organs, physical debility, etc. A nervous dread of speaking is usually associated with stammering; but this is rather the result than the cause of the impediment. Stammerers are not in general persons of weak nerves, otherwise than in connection with the act of speaking. Any physical defect will render a person nervous when the peculiarity is made a subject of observation, and it is in this way only that nervousness is associated with speech in cases of stammering. The strength of this impediment lies in habit, in mismanagement of the breath and organs of utterance, rendered habitual before the development of reason and observation; and the removal of the defect depends on the acquirement of voluntary control over the mechanical agencies of speech. The nervousness which unfits a stammerer for self-direction gradually subsides as his will attains a mastery over the processes of speech; and perseverance in a discipline of systematic and guarded utterance rarely fails to remove the impediment, and the fear which accompanies it.

FORGOTTEN, NOT FALSE.

BY F. F. A.

They say thou hast forgotten, love,
The stile and linden tree,
Where once (alas, how long ago!)
I pledged my heart to thee.
But thou canst never be so false
To all thine eyes have said,
And all that thou so oft in mine
Hast fondly, truly read.

'Tis true long years have pass'd away;
And glancing o'er their track,
How much there is fond memory yearns
Once more to summon back!
But most of all my spirit sighs
For one dear smile from thee;
And judging by my heart, I feel
Thine is not false to me.

That Brooch Business.

BY E. N. I.

IT happened last year down at the Arbuthnots'. They had a house party, and I was staying there as well as Ella. To prevent mistakes I may as well mention I have no sort of right to allude to her by her Christian name—or, for the matter of that, ever shall have now—but it will save trouble if I call her Ella here—Miss St. Aubyn-Daventry is a mouthful.

She, that is Ella St. Aubyn-Daventry, is an independent orphan, and a very independent one I have heard said. Personally I do not see why she should not be.

She has a way of looking you straight in the face and saying what she means; and when she does mean a thing, there is no mistake about it. Also, she has what I've heard a chap describe as 'an inconvenient sense of humor."

I've noticed we men frequently do find a sense of humor inconvenient in a woman; but I don't know if that's why some of us are always assuring them they have none. This man goes down with some women, and they think him almost as fine a fellow as he does himself—and that's a biggish order.

But, Ella—well, I've seen her eyes dancing and twinkling when she looked at him as though she were feeling the joke of him through every bit of her. I heard her say once, "Regarded from different points of view, the human animal may be a comedy, a tragedy, or a farce."

It's only because she's such a regular good sort that she didn't think me a farce last year when—well, I hadn't meant to go into that, but I suppose I may as well now. Besides, I am not ashamed of it. I asked her to marry me. She was awfully good and let me down as easily as she could.

Of course, I hadn't a chance. I knew that all the time, but I thought I might have a try, just in case. It was confounded cheek, of course. Not that she put it like that. She thanked me for asking her, as if it were an honor, and said she thought I had been making a mistake about my own feelings and would find that out very soon.

Then, to make it all pleasant again, she chaffed me a bit about not knowing the prohibited degrees in the Prayer-book, and that a man may not marry his grandmother. Of course she meant being a year or two older than I am. But as I'd been studying that up, I proved to her both history and contemporary observation—I felt I expressed that awfully well—assured us that the happiest marriages were those in which the woman was the older of the two.

And then I produced examples: the Brownings, and a lot more. I saw Ella's eyes were beginning to twinkle that way they have; but she was awfully good to me. She was quiet a minute and then she said it was true; age was nothing and love was everything.

I said that was what I felt, and I went ahead again about how we had always been such friends, and I had respected her and liked her long before I fell in love with her, and so it was all on a firm foundation.

I had been thinking it out beforehand, so I had lots ready to say; and I can always talk to Ella because, besides being so gone on her then, I like her awfully, and she understands what you want to say almost before you have said it.

So I went on and said: didn't she know that French definition of friendship, love without wings? And I said I thought the best sort of love must be friendship with wings, for then it would be solid and stay—not like the cherubs in the pictures who, being limited to the wings, can't sit down for obvious reasons.

Her eyes twinkled again, and she said, "Yes, but the wings mustn't be tacked on; they must grow." I said whatever her feelings were, at least she must believe I was over head and ears, fathoms deep, in love with her.

"Yes," she said, "Mr. Elliot"—I forgot to say my name is Geoffry Elliot—"but I think if you make up your mind to swim like a man, you'll get to shore again."

And then she held out her hands to me suddenly and said:

"Oh, I hope a nice girl will be happy enough to marry you some day, because I feel you are such a nice boy, and I believe it will last."

I didn't fancy her calling me a boy, but I was glad she thought me nice, though it made me feel humble too. I said:

'Oh, Ella"—I called her Ella that once—"then marry me yourself. If you feel about me like that, it would be all right."

She shook her head very gravely.

"Ah, no," she said, "the only possible excuse for marriage is love."

I had one more try.

"But you give me friendship, and the wings might grow. By-and-by, I shall ask you again."

She didn't answer for a moment. I saw she was setting her teeth and screwing herself up to do something difficult.

"Mr. Elliot," she began, "you mustn't ask again, because it can never be any use. I am going to tell you, because I owe it to you, and because I know you are a true gentleman." She said that, did Ella. "I am going to tell you that I have grown the wings some time ago for somebody else."

I forgot about myself then, and only thought of Ella. I knew it was hurting her awfully to have to say this, and that she was making herself do it because she felt it was her duty to put me out of my misery altogether, and at once if she could. I wanted to help her down easy, only I didn't know how to set about it.

"Nobody knows," she went on, "and the wings must stay folded quite away out of sight—inside."

"Like a ladybird," I said idiotically, because I couldn't think of anything else to say. But it did well enough, for Ella laughed and so did I, and then we shook hands and promised to be friends.

This happened a year before the business at the Arbuthnots'; and on my word, I wasn't sure if I'd done what Ella recommended and swum ashore, till the other chap turned up.

But when I found I didn't want to punch his head, of course I knew it was all right. And I just want to say that for real solid friendship, mine for Ella is as good as they make it.

Of course, all this has nothing to do with the diamonds, but I'll get on to them now.

It began one day in Mrs. Arbuthnot's boudoir. She was there, as well as Ella and I, and a curate chap, a sort of cousin of Mrs. Arbuthnot's, who comes to stay there, make himself generally useful and flirt with her.

At least, when I suggested the flirting to Ella, she laughed and said: "Don't you think you ought to find a heavier word?" And she was about right, for Mrs. Arbuthnot is an impressive blonde and does most things in a solid, stodgy sort of way. However, she has the curate chap hanging round a goodish bit, and they sympathize with each other—mostly about the evil doings of other people. I think it is Mrs. Arbuthnot's substitute for flirtation. As for the curate chap, he hangs round chiefly because he knows which side his bread is buttered; at least, that's my notion.

Mrs. Arbuthnot does not approve of Ella; above all things she's proper, and she doesn't think Ella is. It puzzled me why, till I heard her discussing it with another woman one day, and then I made out it was on account of one or two things Ella thinks.

I heard Mrs. Arbuthnot say: "No girl should think of such things till she is married." It struck me it might be a bit too late to begin then; but as they weren't speaking to me I held my tongue. And then she went on: "Such ideas in a girl are very indelicate."

I wanted to get up and say things, but as they would not have done in the drawingroom, I had to go to the smokingroom and swear at large. But I know this, if ever I marry—and as I don't want to punch the other chap's head now, I suppose I may—I hope it will be a girl who thinks, like Ella, the only possible excuse for it is love.

Well, I must get on.

Mrs. Arbuthnot and Ella were both sewing. I wasn't doing anything in particular, and I fancy the curate chap was under the impression he was making himself agreeable. He came across to Ella and asked in an affable way what she was working at.

"It's a flannel petticoat," she said calmly, and held it out for him to look at.

"Oh," he said with a sort of jump, as if she'd offered him the seven deadly sins for inspection.

I suppose it was tact on Mrs. Arbuthnot's part to explain promptly:

"For the poor—the garment is for the poor."

He looked kind of relieved, and though I could not quite follow out the idea, I suppose he drew his line somewhere between the clothing of the classes and the masses, and felt that no impropriety could lurk about a charitable petticoat. He may have got acclimatized to them, too, at Dorcas meetings.

To set him completely at his ease, Mrs. Arbuthnot drew his attention to her work.

"I am embroidering a head flannel for Laura Dudley's baby," she said. "You may remember I am one of the godmothers. I have all but finished it now, so I shall be able to dispatch the parcel this afternoon."

Evidently a head-flannel (whatever it may be) is all right, for the curate even took up an end of the thing to look at. It was certainly flannel too, but Mrs. Arbuthnot had been fiddling at it with blue silk, while Ella was sewing away like mad with white cotton.

I think Ella's "inconvenient sense of humor" was bothering her. I saw her lips twitch once or twice in a queer way, and I began to think it would be just as well if I did not catch her eye—not that she gave me the chance.

"Well," Mrs Arbuthnot said after a bit, "I have finished it. Decidedly pretty, too, I think. Look, Ella."

And with that Ella walked across to her and took the thing in her hand to examine. As she did so, she started, and I saw her eyes fixed on the brooch Mrs. Arbuthnot was wearing. Somehow I saw the curate noticed her too.

In describing it afterwards, when everybody was talking about the business, I overheard him say: "Her eyes glittered as they fastened themselves on the jewel." I wish I'd wrung his confounded neck, and I don't know why I didn't.

The brooch represented two hearts transfixed by an arrow, all thickly encrusted with diamonds. Ella looked at it, then she looked away, and then back again. The curate also mentioned that she did this "with a strange expression of greed." I wish I'd had him to myself for ten minutes in a saw-pit.

Ella gave the work back to Mrs. Arbuthnot and returned with her own to her work-basket, seemingly beginning to arrange its contents. Mrs. Arbuthnot folded up her "garment" and observed:

"The Duncombes are coming on Thursday, and so is Arthur Vibart."

Ella suddenly made a complete upset of her work-basket, and the curate and I went to help her gather up the contents. He wore an apprehensive expression, as though he were not quite sure if further "garments," and not "for the poor," might reveal themselves among the debris.

He might just as well have left me to do the whole thing; but, of course, Ella has money, and if he disapproved of her, he wasn't above taking her subscriptions. I said he's a fair idea about which side his bread is buttered, and my notion is he likes butter on both sides when he can get it.

"Lady Duncombe is always an addition to a house-party," Mrs. Arbuthnot went on; "she is so well up in everything."

"Her assistance in getting up bazaars for charitable objects is invaluable," the curate remarked, banging his head on the piano as he crawled out from under it with a reel of cotton.

"And Mr. Vibart will be some one quite fresh," said Mrs. Arbuthnot. "He has been out of England three years now—in the Rocky Mountains or somewhere."

Then she murmured something about a letter to write and left the room.

Ella stayed a bit, but she didn't seem to have much to say. At last, she picked up her work-basket and went off too, and I went round to the stables. It wasn't likely I was going to stop their tete-a-tete with the curate chap.

It was that afternoon that Mrs. Arbuthnot missed her brooch. She said she must have stuck it in her pincushion when she unfastened it before changing her dress. But when, later in the day, she looked for it again neither she nor her maid could find it anywhere. It had absolutely disappeared.

She was very much put out about it, as it was a valuable brooch, and had been one of Arbuthnot's gifts to her when they were engaged.

She came downstairs before dinner feeling, as she said, "upset;" and she had just finished relating the whole history of the brooch and its mysterious disappearance to the company generally, when the door opened and Ella walked in.

She looked awfully fetching. She wore some sort of white dress, with a cluster of scarlet flowers at her breast. And there was something about her—a sparkle in her eyes and a flush on her cheeks, I don't quite know what, only I had never seen her look just like that before.

I didn't wonder when I heard one of the men say, "By Jove!" under his breath. The curate, of course, didn't; but something made me look at him, and I saw he was staring like a Gorgon at something on the left side of Ella's bodice. And Mrs. Arbuthnot stepped forward suddenly, exclaiming in a tone that was half relief and half reproach:

"You have got it! But you might have told me you had taken it."

And what she pointed at was two diamond hearts and an arrow in Ella's lace.

Of course, we all looked then, and I saw the flush on Ella's cheeks got a little deeper; but all she said was:

"Taken what?"

"My brooch," Mrs. Arbuthnot answered.

"This is not your brooch," Ella said; "it is mine. I noticed you were wearing one like it to day."

"I never saw you wear that before," said Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"Very likely not," replied Ella. "I never noticed yours until to day."

"George gave it to me before we were married," said Mrs. Arbuthnot. "He bought it at Heywood & Herbert's. Where did you buy yours?"

"I didn't buy it," said Ella. "It was—given to me."

I saw the curate was watching her—we all were, I believe, for the matter of that—but I saw on his face a sort of expression of pious thankfulness that she had had the grace, at least, to pause before she told that falsehood.

Of course, remembering her "expression of greed," he couldn't doubt it was a falsehood. But he looked a degree puzzled too, for it seemed pretty brazen to appear in public, and at once, with an article she had annexed.

"It is very strange," Mrs. Arbuthnot said, "that there should be two exactly alike. Who gave you that?"

Ella's manner was confused. It did look as though she couldn't at the moment hit on a name to give as that of the donor.

"How you catechise!" she said, with a nervous sort of laugh. "One might fancy you thought I had stolen it."

Her eyes fell on the curate as she spoke, and I suppose she realized that was exactly what some of them did think, for she said no more, but held up her head and sailed in to dinner beside the man to whom she had been allotted.

Nothing more was said on the subject in public; but afterwards, in private and in companies of twos and threes, it was more than thoroughly threshed out. Everybody agreed it was queer, with the exception of Arbuthnot, who didn't want a scandal in the house and dismissed the whole thing as adjectived nonsense.

As for me, I candidly confess I couldn't make head or tail of it. I wanted to kick everybody, only it didn't seem that would do Ella much good, so I just made up my mind I'd stick by her to the last gasp.

Next day things were no less queer. Of course, the disappearance of Mrs. Arbuthnot's brooch had been mentioned to the servants, and any of them could see Ella was wearing one exactly similar. She had it on when she came down to breakfast next morning, and she wore it all day.

It really seemed as though she could not separate herself from it. Then it came out that Mrs. Arbuthnot's maid had spoken to Ella's maid about it; and though the latter had been awfully riled at the tone of the other, she let out she had never seen her mistress wear the brooch before, and until yesterday did not even know she possessed it.

Of course, Mrs. Arbuthnot's maid passed this on to Mrs. Arbuthnot; and she, finding that Arbuthnot declined to listen and sympathize, confided in the curate. I suppose it wasn't under seal of confession, for he told another lady in strict confidence; the obvious result being that before five o'clock tea every blessed soul in the house was convinced Ella St. Aubyn-Daventry was a thief.

I admit "kleptomaniac" was the word most of them used; and one or two went

so far as to say they could not quite credit it. Also some half-dozen of the men said they didn't care a hang if she had taken the brooch; women were always queer about diamonds, and then she was awfully pretty. But as I heard the Honorable Mrs. Braybrooke-French—the mother of the two plain girls who won't go off—comment darkly: "We all know what men are."

I tell you, I was jolly miserable, for it seemed I could do nothing but look on. As I said, kicking was no good, and when I gave my mind in the smokingroom it only made chaff: "Oh, you go on, young 'un; we know all about you!" and that sort of thing.

I didn't care if they did know. When I was in love with Ella the year before, I wasn't ashamed of it, and I'm not now. But they all seemed to think it took away from the value of my backing her up.

And then I could not tell Ella herself that I believed in her. It seemed like insulting her to assume that anything of the sort was necessary. And I didn't know either how much she knew of all that was being said.

She must have known a good deal, however, though she kept up an air of indifference and went about wearing the brooch all day long in the face of everybody. I had to admit there was a sort of nervous excitement about her which I had not noticed before the brooch business; but I thought that was no wonder.

"I never was so thoroughly upset about anything," I heard Mrs. Arbuthnot tell the curate; "never! I feel it is wrong to take no public notice. It ought to be made a police case. But in one's own house—such a scandal!"

The curate shook his head.

"It is very sad," he said, "and very bad. But perhaps one ought to have realised her want of moral principle from—other circumstances."

What he meant by "other circumstances" I don't know—perhaps the "garment." Anyway, I said "D——!" and banged out of the room. I ought to have reversed the order of proceedings, but I couldn't wait till I got into the smoking-room that time.

The Duncombes and Vibart arrived on the Thursday afternoon, and met the rest of us in the drawing-room before dinner. Ella was the last to come down, and again she was all in white, "like an innocent girl" I heard that cad of a curate mournfully mumbling. She hadn't a single ornament about her, except on the left side of her bodice, and there was the diamond brooch.

"You know the Duncombes," Mrs. Arbuthnot said, for she had to keep up an appearance of civility with the criminal—I suppose that is what she and the curate called Ella.

Ella shook hands with Sir James and Lady Duncombe.

"Let me introduce Mr. Vibart," Mrs. Arbuthnot went on.

"We have met before," Ella said, holding out her hand to Vibart.

And just for a moment I thought he wasn't going to take it. His eyes had fallen on the brooch, and a curious sort of expression came on his face—at least, it was more as if some sort of expression had been going to come and he had stopped it. I thought it odd, for he had scarcely had time to hear the story. The next moment he had taken Ella's hand and was answering her:

"Yes, but not for three years."

Dinner went off as usual, though perhaps it was extra lively on account of Lady Duncombe, a good natured, chatty person, who knows her world to the backbone. When we joined the ladies in the drawingroom afterwards, she—I mean Ella—got up and I saw her pass out at the French window that stood open. About three minutes afterwards, Arthur Vibart, who was strolling round the room, looking at the pictures, reached the window, and he, too, went out.

Now, I give you my word, when I did the same I was thinking of nothing on earth but a cigarette on the terrace. We were all apt to dribble out at that window these warm evenings in the dusk, and have solitary smokes or chats of twos or threes as the case might be; and interfering with any one was as far from my mind as sneaking and listening to what wasn't my business. I can say that on my honor.

I went down the steps of the terrace and strolled along to the far end, where I sat down on a bench just below the balustrade. I felt in my pocket for my cigarette case and got that all right, but when I went on to explore for lights, I found I had none.

It was too much bother going back to the house, so I just sat still, thinking, maybe, Vibart might come along and I could borrow a light from him.

I had been sitting there some time when I realized in a sleepy sort of way—it was a warm drowsy evening, and very soothing sitting out there in the half-dark—that some one was standing on the terrace above, leaning against the balustrade. I had just arrived at the conclusion it was Ella, when there was a crunch of footsteps beside her, and Vibart's voice said:

"After three years."

I suppose I ought to have coughed or spoken or done something; but at the moment there really didn't seem any special necessity for it, and by the time there was—or by the time I was awake enough to realise it—it would have been so awfully awkward for all of us, I simply had to lie low.

"Yes," Ella answered, in a careless sort of way, "and what have you been doing all the time?"

"Trying to forget you," he answered very promptly.

And I expect I ought to have bolted then.

"I should have thought that unnecessary," Ella said rather sarcastically, though, all the same, I knew that minute he was the other chap. Of course, I ought to have bolted, but I made quite sure they would see me if I got up.

"Should you?" he said. "After that day up the river?"

"When people can rush off out of England," Ella began, "without even—even bidding their friends good-bye——"

"Bidding their friends good-bye!" he broke in. "Sometimes their friends make a rush-off the only thing possible."

Then there was a pause, and I hoped they would go away, but he again:

"You're wearing the brooch I sent you after you lost one that day. Ella, how could you let me believe what I did believe then, if all the time you are engaged?"

"Engaged!" she cried indignantly. "Who said I was engaged? and to whom? Am I, by chance, also married? Any information will be gratefully received. It seems I can't know much about myself."

I was not quite sure whether I was sorry for Vibart or envied him just then. Of course, I couldn't see Ella from where I sat, but I knew pretty well she'd got her neck straight up that way she has, and her head in the air, and her eyes flashing like anything. But, then I knew she wouldn't be so angry with him unless——.

"You weren't engaged!" he said. "Mrs. Braybrooke-French told me next day you were—to Sir Henry Bruton—for certain."

"And you believed her," Ella said sarcastically. "A man is an intelligent being! Didn't you know she wanted you for Fanny?"

My word! I thought, did she? For Fanny is the one with the tin-plated giggle that Mrs. Braybrooke-French and Mrs. Arbuthnot had been chucking at my head ever since I came down. I suppose that's not "indelicate," by the way. For you'll notice it's what they do—I mean the sort that are down on girls for thinking out things before they are married, and feeling about it like Ella.

"You were not engaged?" he said. "I never heard out there, and I thought you might be married. And when I came back, somehow—well, somehow I couldn't get your name out to ask about you. Then I came down here, and—and you're wearing the brooch. Weren't you even engaged then?"

"If you had particularly wanted to know, you might have come to ask," Ella said, pretty sharp.

And I don't mind saying here, I've always thought Vibart was a blazing idiot not to have done that. I'm very good friends with him now; but I've always thought, and I always will, that that time he was just a blazing idiot.

If it had been me, it isn't anything an old cat like Mrs. Braybrooke-French said would have sent me bolting off to the Rockies without having it out with Ella herself first. Besides, I know her better than to suppose she'd ever play that sort of game with a man.

"You might have come to ask," said Ella.

"You mean?" he said. "Do you mean, if I had asked you, you would——?"

"I suppose I do," Ella answered very softly.

And I felt an infernal cad to be sitting there listening. It seemed to matter such a lot more than when she was slating him.

"I—I sat and waited," Ella went on, "and you went away. You had said so much, and not—just enough, and——"

"You might have known," he said, "when I sent the brooch."

"Yes," she returned, as quick as lightning, "and you might have known when I didn't send it back. A woman could not accept a thing like that from a man, unless——"

"I suppose I was a fool," he said, and he seemed ashamed of himself, which I thought was just as well; "but I didn't think about that, and they say women stick to diamonds when they get the chance."

Ella laughed a little.

"That's what they seem to think here, anyhow," she said, "as I am supposed to have stolen your brooch."

"Stolen it?"

"Yes. I have never worn it since that one week when I—when I was—waiting for you. But when I heard the other day you were coming here, I—well, I thought I'd put it on. It was letting myself down, I know, but I thought—I have always wondered if, perhaps, there had been a mistake, and I—well, I thought I might find out.

"Perhaps, after all, I would not have gone on wearing it till you came if I hadn't been so angry with them all. I believe I have been doing it in defiance. Mrs. Arbuthnot had one like it, though, oddly enough, I never noticed it till that very day I heard of you, and somehow it has disappeared. And every single soul in the house, except Geoffry Elliot, believes I stole it."

I liked the freedom and energy with which Vibart expressed himself about the whole Arbuthnot party; I expect he picked it up in the Rockies.

"Come," he concluded, "let us go in and tell them now."

"Tell them what?" Ella asked.

"That I gave you the brooch three years ago, and I won't have such infernal nonsense talked about my promised wife."

"Have I promised?" Ella inquired very demurely. "I don't seem even to remember your asking me."

Well, I did bolt then. I went off like a rabbit, across the grass, round the house and in at the front door. I found out afterwards neither of them ever saw me, so I might just as well have done it first as last and saved myself from feeling such a sneaking cad.

I went straight to the drawing-room, for I didn't want to miss seeing all these idiots put to confusion when Vibart came in to give them his mind. But I must say he didn't hurry himself, and I got rather tired waiting for the denouement—I think that's the expression.

The last post arrived in the interval, but there was nothing for me. Mrs. Arbuthnot had two or three letters. I happened to glance at her as she was reading the last, and I wondered if there was anything wrong, she looked so uncommonly uncomfortable.

She had it in her hand still when the window was pushed open and Vibart came in with Ella. He walked straight up to Mrs. Arbuthnot in a sort of way that made every one in the room stop talking to see what was going to happen.

"I hear," he said, "that some ridiculous nonsense has been talked here about Miss St. Aubyn-Daventry, the lady whom I am going to marry——"

The newspapers would put "Sensation" here in brackets. Everybody looked at Ella. She was holding her head up and looking at no one in particular, which was perhaps why her eyes caught mine. I just let her see it was all right and I meant to go on sticking by her and him too. She blushed like anything and smiled back. And after that she didn't hold her head quite so stiff.

"I understand," Vibart was going on, "that some have even had the audacity to imply Miss St. Aubyn-Daventry stole the diamond brooch she is now wearing. I have the pleasure of telling these"—and he said "these" as if they were a new kind of vermin—"that I gave her that brooch myself three years ago, before I left England. And if you like," he said, addressing Mrs. Arbuthnot more particularly, "if you like to send to Heywood & Herbert, I've no doubt they will be able to tell you, when they refer to their books, that they sold the brooch to me."

The curate chap was standing behind Arbuthnot, and I heard him say to her in an aside that some of the others must have heard too:

"It might be well to make the inquiry. If there have been—er—passages between Miss Daventry and Mr. Vibart, we must remember his evidence is tainted. It would not be unnatural if he had—er—composed this statement to shield her."

Dash the fellow! Why didn't somebody wring his neck?

"Oh," Mrs. Arbuthnot said, looking more uncomfortable than before, "do be quiet! I—I—it isn't my brooch."

Lady Duncombe had been staring at Ella's bodice through a pair of long-handled glasses, but she put them down now and addressed Vibart.

"I don't think there is any necessity to send to Heywood & Herbert," she said placidly; "as it happens, I saw you buy that brooch. I was in the shop at the time, though you were too much absorbed to notice me. I made a note of it; for a brooch of that sort meant something special, and I watched for it all that season—for that and an announcement—without result. I don't think you need send to Heywood & Herbert."

On my word, I heard the curate at Mrs. Arbuthnot's back again.

"Even should this be true," he said, "where is your brooch? And why did she begin to wear this precisely when yours disappeared? Can it be she had lost that given to her by Mr. Vibart, and on hearing he was coming, took yours to replace it? Nothing can quite satisfactorily explain the circumstances but the discovery of your brooch."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Arbuthnot, in an agitated way; "I know. Do stop talking nonsense! Read that."

And she pushed the letter she held in her hand into mine. Why she gave it to me, I haven't a notion. I expect she was too confused at the moment to know who I was.

However, I took it, and directly I had run my eyes over it, I stood up in the middle of the room, cleared my throat, and read it out as if I had been presenting an address or moving a vote of thanks.

"My Dearest Gwen,

"Your charming and almost too handsome present to darling baby arrived quite safely, although, you dear reckless thing, you had not registered the precious parcel. When I opened it, of course the lovely head flannel—your own work, too, dear—came first to view. How good of you to make it. It suits darling baby sweetly. And then, in unfolding it, out came your cunning surprise—the present. What a godmother you are to send such an exquisite, costly brooch. Such a sweet idea, too, the hearts with an arrow, and, oh, those lovely, lovely diamonds. My darling little Gwendolen must always keep and prize this precious gift from her dear, generous godmother. So many, many thanks, dear, from

"Your loving friend,

"Laura Dudley."

That letter made the whole thing as clear as daylight to four of us: Mrs. Arbuthnot, Ella, the curate, and myself. But, as the others looked a bit puzzled, I did some Greek chorus business, and explained how Mrs. Arbuthnot had been wearing the brooch when she finished the baby's flannel concern, and no doubt the ornament had been unfastened and dropped out into her work.

She must have rolled the one up inside the other and dispatched both to Mrs. Dudley. As to taking the brooch out of her dress and sticking it in the pincushion, she must have imagined that, as any one easily can of a thing they're in the habit of doing.

When I had finished, for the life of me I couldn't help turning to Mrs. Arbuthnot with a grin, and remarking:

"I'm afraid, after all, you have lost the brooch."

For I knew, after that letter, she wouldn't have the face to ask for it back again; and I thought it served her jolly well right for the way she had been letting people spatter Ella's good name. I only wished the curate had lost something too.

But he has in a way; for Mrs. Arbuthnot is so ashamed of the business, and her and his share in it, that she puts it all on him and won't ask him near the place. She does her flirtations now with a chap on comic papers; and as he is pretty stodgy too, he suits her down to the ground.

As for the rest, of course they all told Ella they'd never believed a word of it, and congratulated her and Vibart effusively. I saw her "inconvenient sense of humor" nearly getting the better of her once or twice, but Vibart looked more like breaking some of their heads. He came and shook hands with me afterwards, and said something about how I had stuck by Ella. But, of course, I would do that.

And, as I explained, I don't say Ella in real life she being Mrs. Arthur Vibart. I am going down to stay with them this autumn.

A Meeting.

BY T. B.

"YOUR letters, miss."

"Thanks, Payn."

Beatrice was in bed. She often was in bed, even when the third and fourth deliveries came. With the letters the maid brought a cup of tea. She drew the rose pink curtains to give her mistress an opportunity to enjoy her letters and the tea.

Also, she was curious about the effect of that envelope with the postmark "Portland." She was not supposed to know; but she knew. She had had experience as as a lady's maid and relished mysteries.

And, sure enough, she had her reward this time also. The moment Beatrice caught sight of the "Portland" letter she flushed so that her complexion had no need of those pink curtains to enhance it, and with a petulant movement of the hand she overturned the dainty little silver stand with the tea. Payn uttered a sympathetic cry.

"Take it away," said Beatrice, "I don't want any, after all."

Payn was quite loth to go. There was another letter with the postmark "Maidenhead," and Payn was curious about that also. But she was not allowed further indulgence in the drama at her mistress' expense.

"Leave me, I said; I wish to be alone." Beatrice ejaculated, with, for her, an unusual show of temper.

"Certainly, miss," murmured the girl in the most humble and deferential of tones.

Then Beatrice fell back in bed, with the "Portland" letter crushing tighter and tighter in her small right hand. Shame flooded her, as the tea, the carpet, and many memories incident to the sense of shame.

And consequent upon this feeling Beatrice's heart grew angry with fate, and she asked herself why she, of all women, should have been subjected to such fearful humiliation.

For an hour she lay thus. Then, though still with preoccupied thoughts, she rang the bell and bade Payn help her to dress.

"If you please, miss," said the well-conducted maid, as she entered, "I was just coming to say that the Viscount is here."

"Oh, yes," murmured Beatrice; "you can go and tell him to amuse himself with breakfast, or cigarettes, or anything. And then come back. We must hurry."

They did hurry, though not unreasonably. The Viscount was not a young man who liked to be kept waiting, especially by the lady of his brief but warm affections. Yet all the while, for the life of her, Beatrice could not help thinking of other things.

She had burned the Portland letter without opening it, and, as if in retribution, the writer now came but more forcibly before her.

While Payn did her work with that smooth celerity that made her so great a treasure, Beatrice lived in the past. And there were some of the pictures that passed like dissolving views before her lively mind.

The home vicarage, with her white-haired, worried parent, and his imbecile money troubles. Why had he, a clergyman, mixed so unwisely with the world's affairs?

"We are ruined, my dear," he wailed, with his old head bowed in his hands on the breakfast table. "There is only one way out of it."

"And what is that, papa?" asks a girl of twenty, a springtime edition of the beautiful woman upon whose face Beatrice looked so impassively in her mirror, while Payn brushes her hair.

"If," moaned the old man, "you would but marry Paul Williams."

A wedding. She (Beatrice) and a little middle-aged man, upon whose clean-shaven face there rests an expression of irritating pride and reverence! The usual nonsense afterward. Then they are together in a carriage, though her dress leaves little room for him. He is whispering in her ear. This is what he says:

"My darling, there is nothing on earth I will not do to make you happy. Nothing!"

A great house in town, liveried servants, gilding and lights, flowers, the admiring homage of the world and of the many smart young men in particular. A little harassed bald-headed man somewhere in the background.

"Who's that little ape?" she hears a young diplomat whisper to a youth like himself, with a nod at the little man.

"Don't you know? Why, it's Monsieur le Mari, to be sure!"

Then a laugh—such a laugh! Anon, the first of the young gentlemen, having an opportunity, kisses her hand and becomes impassioned.

A curious conversation: "My dear Beatrice," says the little bald gentleman—how bothered he looks; yet how kind!—"if you are sure it will make you happy, it shall be done. But I must not disguise from you that I am playing a dangerous game. For myself I care not; it may lead me into trouble of the worst kind, but you, please God, will even then be spared the miseries of want. That I have contrived."

"Yes," says the woman, brutally imperious and cold, "we must certainly do it. I don't believe your talk about wanting money either.

"I made a mistake when I married you, and mean to get the only compensation possible." Whereupon the little elderly gentleman sighs, kisses her hand (she less willing to have it kissed than in the previous scene) and departs.

Ruin, red and miserable. The visits of interested but unsympathetic friends (women), eager to pick up information. They all hurl back words at poor, little Monsieur le Mari. Beatrice, with her lace handkerchief to her eye and cruel rage in her heart, acquiesces.

The visits of interested and interesting young men, who are quite cheerful and who persuade her at length that she, too, under the circumstances, may, if she will, also be cheerful.

"It might be a deal worse, a deuced deal worse," says one of them; and he presses her hand tenderly and kisses it later, perhaps less reverently.

The parting. Good heavens—what ignominy! The wife of a convict. The little bald-headed man, however, does not look very wicked. There are tears in his eyes. "Dearest," he whispers, "I will not ask you to forgive me. I did it, as I thought, for the best—but my brain must have been turned. I wronged you when I married you, and now you must forget me. If I write to you, you need not answer. I can worship you at a distance, and pray for you as well in my prison cell as by your own dear side!"

That was all. They did not embrace. She gave him her hand to kiss, as he seemed very much to want it. People appeared to have a mania for kissing her hand, it was so very small and shapely.

"There, that will do," exclaimed Beatrice, suddenly. "Never mind that flower."

"But Lord Daddenham specially asked me, miss, to bring it up for the purpose," protested the astonished Payn.

"Oh, well, I don't care."

"You never looked more lovely in all your life, miss, I'm positive," murmured Payn, as her mistress moved to the door.

"Really!"

The perfume of Turkish tobacco floats to her nostrils the moment she is outside. She quivers with strange discontent.

"I do wish people wouldn't smoke here before I have breakfast," she remarks.

"But——"

"Oh, hold your tongue, Payn! It doesn't matter much what they do, after all."

Viscount Daddenham is the diplomatist of old times. He pitches his cigarette in the fire, but does not rise. He prefers to contemplate Beatrice as if she were an "Old Master" or a modern landscape, merely remarking:

"Well, how are we this morning?"

"We are," says Beatrice, "perfectly well, thank you."

Viscount Daddenham laughs. There are times when he rather likes Miss Mayleigh's humors. Beatrice Williams is Miss Mayleigh. She has been that ever since her husband's sentence as an embezzler.

Viscount Daddenham persuaded her. He said she had to choose between happiness of a kind in that way or the most positive misery conceivable, as an unprotected woman of the world, at the mercy of her old acquaintance. She had, therefore, chosen.

These two breakfast together. The Viscount is exceedingly cool. To tell the truth, he knows Beatrice rather too well now. And yet she still exercises a great fascination over him.

He used to tell her that there was no woman in London to compare with her, not only for her beauty, but also for her composure of manner.

"My sweet sedative," was one of the silly pet phrases with which he once christened her. To-day, however, something troubled Beatrice continuously. She did not give the Viscount anything like half her attention. More than once he actually frowned—only to smile indifferently the next moment.

Do what she would, she could not get little Paul out of her head. While she trifled with the toast she saw him picking oakum, or some equally nasty stuff.

She supposed they did that sort of thing at Portland. She had never taken the trouble to acquire any exact information about the routine occupation of a man like her husband in a place like Portland.

"Bee," said the Viscount, "what the deuce is the matter with you?"

"With me? What should there be?"

"That smile is put on, my friend. It don't deceive me!"

"Did I smile? I'm sorry, for if so I must have been deceiving myself. I don't feel exceptionally joocose."

The Viscount uncoils his long, slender legs, and, standing erect, shrugs his shoulders.

"Well," he says, "I won't pretend to understand you. I should be glad if you'd drive me to Paddington to meet the 2:53."

"Very well. Touch the bell, will you? The brougham is yours."

"Was, you mean."

"Ah, thank you, to be sure; you gave it to me. Will you have some lunch first?"

The Viscount goes toward Beatrice, puts his hands on her shoulders and looks her steadily in the eyes. She meets his gaze as steadily.

"Bee," he says at length, "you're up to some trickery."

"I'm sure I don't know," she replies. "If so it would be sickeningly monotonous, but hardly surprising."

"Thanks, I will lunch," said the Viscount.

He rings the bell. During lunch and afterward he puts aside his easy manner and becomes grave. It has occurred to him that he never loved this beautiful woman more than now. He half hints as much—she makes him a grand curtsey.

And so in due time the carriage is ready and Beatrice, looking magnificent in her furs, leads the way.

Yet all the time—she cannot think why—little bald-headed Paul and his devoted face keeps recurring to her. The Viscount nods to several acquaintances. She takes no notice of any one. That has been her pleasant role for four years past.

Thus they reach the station.

"We're late, by Jove!" exclaims the Viscount.

He springs out of the carriage to interrogate the guard. People stream by. Some with bundles, some with babies, some with wives and husbands and some forlornly alone. Beatrice watches the throng.

"Now, then, silly!" she hears a porter exclaim, as he elbows a man out of his way. She turns. The old man's hat has been knocked off. He has picked it up and is replacing it upon his head (a bald one) when he glances her way.

The next moment Beatrice's heart goes thump, thump, thump, and she is struggling with the door. "Paul!" she cries.

The old man stumbles toward her with open arms and an expression of childlike happiness on his face.

"My darling," he says, as he clasps her hand with both of his. "So you have really come to meet me."

"Yes," she whispers back, with her crimsoned face on his shoulder. "I have come to meet you."

It is the work of a minute to help the old man into the carriage, and then she gives the word "Home!" to the coachman.

Ten minutes afterward the Viscount Daddenham, having looked here and there in vain, also utters a single word by means of which unregenerate man signifies extreme disgust, annoyance or disappointment, all combined.

A CAREER STARTED.—"I have been thinking for a long time," she said, with a serious expression which contrasted strongly with her usual airiness, "that I ought to have some serious purpose in life. So I have decided to go into literature."

"You intend to pursue it seriously, do you?"

"Yes, indeed. I've bought a lovely Louis XVI desk and I've got some of the most exquisite stationery you ever saw. Mother gave me a gold pen and a mother-of-pearl penholder, and I have just the prettiest silver inkstand! All covered with filigree work, you know."

"You are certainly well equipped."

"Yes," she replied, serenely, "I've got a splendid start. All I have to do now is to sit down some time and think up a piece to write."

At Home and Abroad.

A Boston paper vouches for the truth of the story that there is a horse in Ansonia, Conn., which takes a hosepipe in his mouth and holds it there until his thirst is quenched. Several days ago one of the stablemen, while fooling with him, offered him the end of the hosepipe, through which the water was flowing, and, to his surprise, the horse took it in his mouth and held it there until he got a good drink. The next time the horse was led to the trough he, of his own accord, took hold of the pipe and succeeded in getting the end in his mouth and had a good drink, and continues to do so day after day.

"There is an incident in Governor Altgeld's life," says a Chicago paper, "which is not generally known. Having no money to pay carfare or hire horses, he walked from Mansfield, Ohio, to Savannah, Mo., and when he arrived at the bank of the Mississippi River he had just 15 cents in his pocket. He paid 5 cents for his own fare across the ferry, and 5 cents more for a fellow-traveler, who was 'broke.' The rest of his capital was invested in a sheet of paper, an envelope and a postage stamp, which were used to tell the girl he left behind him that he had reached that point in his western journey, and that his heart was true to her."

The newest thing in spinning is to preserve the clippings of your live, or the entire hair of your deceased, canine pets, and weave them into something to wear. One sentimental yet practical lady has spun the hair of her defunct terrier (it must have been a Skye, surely) into a Tam o'Shanter. A good, hairy Pomeranian dog might yield quite a respectable shearing. Dogs' hair, when woven, looks something like rabbits' hair, and H. R. H. Princess Beatrice of Battenberg has long been in the habit of having the hair of her pet rabbits preserved and woven or knitted into woolly cuffs for the poor. At a sale of work recently her royal highness even bought mittens of rabbits' hair for both herself and the late Prince Henry.

The ravages of the rinderpest in South Africa are said to be more appalling than any cattle plague which has affected the region within living memory. As an instance of the devastation wrought the Bechuanaland, it is reported that Khama, the paramount chief, who, with Bathoen and Sebele, recently visited England, has lost from his private herds alone, 8,000 head of cattle. At Pitsani, at last advices, the cattle were dying by the hundred daily, and Dr. Hutchinson, who has just concluded a tour of inspection, is reported to have declared that unless something occurs to stay the infection, which seems very unlikely, not a single cow will, within a few weeks, be left the Bechuanaland Protectorate. It is estimated that the cost of the plague will be over $25,000,000. To the South African native cattle are a medium of exchange and staple diet.

The invention of envelopes is within the memory of middle-aged persons, and was the result of a Brighton, Eng., stationer's endeavor to make his store look attractive. He took a fancy for ornamenting his store windows with high piles of paper, graduated from the largest to the smallest size in use. To bring his pyramid to a point he cut cardboard into very minute squares. Ladies took these cards to be small-sized notepaper, and voted it "perfectly lovely." So great was the demand that the stationer found it desirable to cut paper the size so much admired. But there was one difficulty. The little notes were so small that when folded there was no space for address, so after some thought the idea of an envelope pierced the stationer's brain. He had them cut by a metal plate, and soon, so great was the demand, he commissioned a dozen houses to manufacture them for him. From such small beginnings came this important branch of the stationery business.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

OF A CURL.

BY M. B

THEY were a very handsome couple. The gentleman, in his brown suit and bright red waistcoat, looked every inch a gentleman; and the lady, though dressed in quiet colors, was very neat and trim.

They wished to set up housekeeping, and they were in search of a spot in which they could build their house; for no house built by anyone but himself would suit this very particular young gentleman.

"I think this large garden would be a very good place," said the gentleman.

"There are plenty of trees," said the lady.

"And look!" said the gentleman.

He and his lady hid in the trees quickly, as three children came running down the garden.

"What a beautiful boy!" whispered the lady.

"Which boy do you mean?" asked the gentleman; "the little boy or the big boy?"

"The boy with the curl," said the lady, "the beautiful curl on the top of his head."

"H'm," said the gentleman; "I don't like curls—he is too big a boy to wear a curl."

And all the time the children had not even noticed their visitors—they were busy playing at their favorite game, "The terrible lion of Timbuctoo;" and the boy with the curl was roaring loudly, for he was the lion.

"We will certainly build here," said the lady; "it is a pleasant spot, and I love to watch children."

The gentleman thought so too, so without even saying anything to anybody, they both set to work.

It was a peculiar house, though a very pretty one. It was not built of bricks or stone, but of soft green moss, and dead leaves and bits of roots of plants, and it was hard work building it; but when it was finished the lady was very pleased with it—she thought it comfortable and cosy.

"It only wants one thing to make it perfect," she said to her husband.

And he sighed—he knew quite well what was wanted: something very soft and silky to make a comfortable seat for his little wife; but he was not able to find just what he wanted.

Once the house was finished the lady spent most of her time indoors, though the gentleman was very busy, taking long journeys or digging in the garden.

The lady was very happy. She was so interested in watching the children; she soon got to know them quite well, and she nearly always had some story of them to tell her husband when he came home.

One morning when he returned at dinner time he found her quite excited, so excited that he had to sing to her for a long time before he could calm her; but after a little time she was able to tell her story quietly.

"This morning early," she said, "my curly boy did not come into the garden, and I began to be afraid he must be ill, then I heard the little girl say that he had gone to school."

"Oh, that's all right," said the gentleman; "they all do that."

"But wait until I've finished my story," said the lady. "About an hour ago he came into the garden looking so cross and angry——"

"He said he didn't like school, I suppose," said the gentleman. "Well, never mind; that's all right too. He'll like it by-and-by—they all do."

"But he wasn't angry about the school," said the lady; "he was angry with the schoolboys. They had laughed at him, because—Oh, the wicked boys, I should like to bite them!—they had laughed at him because of his curl."

The gentleman began to sing loudly to keep himself from laughing.

"And now," continued the lady, getting more and more excited, "my curly boy says he will cut the curl off."

"And a good thing too," said the gentleman. "My dear, of course you don't understand about it, but believe me, a boy looks far more like a boy without a big curl on the top of his head."

But his little wife was very much troubled.

"The children are coming into the garden now," said her husband.

"Then I will not look," said the lady.

"But he is not there," said the gentleman.

The lady raised her head, and peeped out.

"Ah," she said as she caught sight of two ladies; "Aunt Lucy has come to spend the afternoon with the children—my curly boy will be pleased."

But at that moment the curly boy himself came running down the garden. What had happened to him?

His mother, sitting on the garden seat with the baby, began to smile. Aunt Lucy ran to meet him laughing, but his little sister and brother ran away from him frightened, and hid their faces in Aunt Lucy's dress.

And the lady who lived in the little house? The poor little lady nearly tumbled out of the house in astonishment and horror. The curly boy was a curly boy no longer, for all his curl was cut off.

"I knew he'd do it," sobbed the lady; "he said he would, and he has done it, and now——"

"It is all right," said her husband. "It is much better—much better. I will go and listen, and hear how it happened."

He hid himself in a tree behind the garden seat, and presently Aunt Lucy and the children came over to the seat to talk to the mother.

"Geoffrey looks so ugly," said the little girl.

"But more like a boy," said Aunt Lucy.

"Yes, I suppose it is better," said mother; "but I shall miss my curly boy."

The gentleman thought of his little wife and sighed. He knew she would miss her curly boy too.

Geoffrey laughed.

"They won't be able to call me curly locks now," he said. Then he put his hand in his pocket and drew out a twist of paper.

"Look, mother," he said, "here it is. What shall I do with it?"

It was the curl.

The gentleman came nearer to the seat.

"If only——" he said to himself.

"Give it to me, Geoffrey," said mother, "I will take care of it."

"And come and have a game now," said Aunt Lucy.

The children ran away, and mother took the paper and put it in her pocket.

A robin in the tree behind her began to sing loudly, and she turned to look at it. The curl slipped out of the paper on to the ground, instead of into the pocket, but mother was listening to the song of the robin and did not notice it.

The children and Aunt Lucy finished their game and went indoors. It was near bed time, and the lady in the little house began to feel anxious about her husband, he had not come home.

But just as she was thinking of setting out to look for him, she heard his call near the house, and she hastened to meet him.

"I've got it here," he said. "If you can help me, we will get it indoors."

And the lady, wondering, went to help him. Between them they got it indoors safely, and it was very comfortable indeed.

The next morning the children were out in the garden early.

They were seeking for something. But early as it was the lady in the little house was on the watch for them, for the lady and her husband were very early risers.

"There is the curl—the boy, I mean," said the lady; "Geoffrey, I think you said his name was."

"Yes—Geoffrey," said the gentleman. "Now don't you agree with me, my dear, that he looks far better with short hair?"

"Far better," said the lady, and she began to sing.

The gentleman began to sing too.

The children were busily running up and down the garden, looking under bushes and under trees.

"Mother was sitting on the seat," said Geoffrey, "when I gave it to her."

"And the wind must have blown it away," said the little girl, "for here is the paper."

"Oh well, it doesn't matter," said Geoffrey.

The gentleman and lady were so pleased that they began to sing louder than ever.

"Do you hear?" said Geoffrey; "I know they must be somewhere in the garden."

"I think in that corner," said the little girl.

"And there is father," said Geoffrey; "we will ask father to come and look."

"There," said the gentleman. "Now we shall be found out."

"And they will take it away," said the lady.

"Perhaps they will pass by our house—keep quiet," said the gentleman.

But father did not pass the house, and father pointed it out to the children.

"You must only peep," he said. "You must not frighten them."

The children peeped very carefully and quietly, and the little lady of the house never moved.

"We need not leave our comfortable house," she said to the gentleman afterwards; "they won't disturb us."

And they didn't; but all breakfast time the children could talk of nothing but the robin's nest that father had found in the garden.

"And we are going to peep again," said Geoffrey.

"But we will not frighten them," said the little girl; "we will only watch them."

"I am glad father found the nest," said Geoffrey.

"But you didn't find your curl," said mother; "I am sorry it is lost."

And she never guessed that Mr. Robin had found it, and that Mr. Robin had taken it to Mrs. Robin to line her nest.

That is the story of the curl.

BIRD CATCHING FISH.—It is a common saying that birds go a fishing, but it is not generally known that very often the case is reversed and the birds supposed to be the enemies of the fishes are caught in the toils.

Several years ago, when fishing off the Maine coast, the writer observed what the fishermen call the running of the dog-fish.

One day the fishing for cod, hake and haddock was excellent; the following morning it had stopped so suddenly as though a command to all the fishing tribe had been issued by Neptune.

The explanation was that an army of small sharks, swimming in from the unknown depths of the sea, had driven away all the edible fish. This horde was so starved and ravenous that they were a menace to life.

If anything was thrown into the water they rushed to the spot, bit at the oars and sails that dragged overboard, and devoured everything edible that appeared. The gulls and other birds which were in the habit of alighting on the water now became victims.

Several were seen to suddenly disappear, jerked down from below, to be torn to pieces by these hounds of the sea. In some instances the bird would escape with the loss of a leg, and doubtless numbers were caught by the voracious fish.

The most voracious bird catcher is the pike or pickerel—a sly fellow who lurks beneath overhanging limbs or rocks and watches for some duckling or birdling that strays from the brood.

The pike attains a large size, and has been known to attack large sized birds, even loons, though whether it could successfully carry away so large a bird is doubtful.

A naturalist was once watching a pool that was surrounded by willows whose graceful foliage fell over the water, casting deep shadows.

Dragon flies and other insects were darting about at the surface, and coursing back and forth, following them in turn, were a number of swallows, which now and then touched the water as they darted at some insect.

Suddenly, without warning, from the dark pool the hidden observer saw a huge pike leap at one of the birds, the latter barely escaping by a quick movement, while the fish fell heavily into the water. Again, it tried to catch one of the swallows, then gave up the attempt.

Another observer was fishing in a small lake when he noticed not far away three young sand martins sitting on a limb just over the water, the mother fluttering above them, endeavoring to induce them to fly.

All at once an enormous pike dashed out of the water and seized one of the birdlings from the limb, the poor mother darting about in the greatest alarm.

Soon came another leap, and in less than half an hour this voracious fish had carried off the three young birds.

AN old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift; an hour of heating work; a run to catch a departing train; an evening of exposure to rain or damp; a severe chill; an excess of food; the unusual indulgence of any appetite or passion; a sudden fit of anger; an improper dose of medicine—any of these or other similar things may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of useful news and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

One hundred new words are annually added to the English language.

"Lead pencils" are a misnomer. There is no lead in their composition.

The Chinese national anthem is so long that people take half a day to listen to it.

Zoologists say that all known species of wild animals are gradually diminishing in size.

The new Connecticut forest map shows that over one-third of the State is given up to woods.

If London streets were put end to end they would reach from the British capital to St. Petersburg.

A Burlington, Vt., man gives his baby an airing by towing the child's carriage behind his bicycle.

Insurance companies claim that cycling is more dangerous than traveling either by railway or by ship.

Decaying wood and putrefying fish look luminous in the dark, because they are really undergoing a slow combustion.

Nearly every man, woman, and child in Egypt is a smoker of cigarettes, and a pipe is hardly ever seen in the mouth of a native.

A block of best steel four feet square would be reduced to a cube of little more than nine inches if it could be taken to the centre of the earth.

On the early railways a lighted candle at night in a station-house window meant "stop"; its absence was a signal that the train might proceed.

Twenty-four governments, including the United States, Japan, China, Persia and nearly all the European countries, have given official notice that they will exhibit in Paris in 1900.

Chinese clocks puzzle strangers. The dials turn round, while the hands are stationary. There are two dials on each clock, one for the hours, the other to indicate the minutes.

A London West End policeman states that twenty bicycles are stolen daily, chiefly from persons who have left them for a few seconds standing on the curb, in the metropolis alone.

The Japanese are very much alike physically. Recent measurements taken of an infantry regiment showed no variations except two inches in height or twenty pounds in weight.

The Arabs have a superstition that the stork has a human heart. When one of these birds builds its nest on a housetop, they believe the happiness of that household is insured for a year.

A traveler visiting Naples recently had his attention called to a placard posted on the door of a butcher shop in the Via Toledo informing the public that "the title of duke is offered for sale; inquire within."

Swarms of grasshoppers are doing great damage to vegetation in Michigan. The excited farmers say that the "hoppers" will even eat the fences when they can get nothing else, and that they average fifty bushels to the acre in some places.

There are still many immense cattle ranches in Texas, although in some parts of the State they have been contracted by increased settlement. The largest is one of 1,000,000 acres, the property of the Capitol Freehold Land and Investment Company.

Between January 1 of the year 1187 and January 1, 1887, over 7,000,000 persons perished in earthquakes. The greatest mortality in any one shock or series of shocks was at Yeddo, Japan, in 1703, when 191,000 persons perished in three days and nights.

It is a whole day's task for two men to fell a mahogany tree. On account of the spurs which project from the base of the trunk, a scaffold has to be erected and the tree cut off above the spurs, leaving thus a stump of the very best wood from 10 to 15 feet high.

An association of tradesmen, who are formally allowed to use royal arms as an advertisement, has been formed in England in order to prosecute people who put up signs "under royal patronage," and display the lion and the unicorn, with no warrant to show for it.

The skin of the giraffe is thick and durable, and is used by the Hottentots in making straps, cups and leather bottles. The Arabs also utilize the hide of this animal in making shields, and its long sinews and tendons are converted by them into thread and strings.

It has been supposed that nothing could take the place of ivory in the manufacture of the sensitively elastic balls used in playing billiards. But the scarcity of ivory has set inventive wits at work, and now in Sweden hollow balls of cast steel are found to be a satisfactory substitute.

An expert telegrapher says: Between New York and Philadelphia, over a copper wire weighing three hundred pounds to the mile, three thousand words per minute can be recorded, and with a copper wire of 550 pounds to the mile, one thousand words per minute can be carried from New York to Chicago.

SORROWS BRIGHTEN.

BY S. D. L.

The tender shoot, when wounded, bleeds,
Bringing up to supply its needs,
The juiceful pulp through root and rind;
And round the stem in circlets bind
The fibres stronger than before.
The sorrowing heart grows strong, the more,
Because are felt the common ties
That bind round hearts that sympathize.

Our first experience is fraught with pain;
The hand of care must oft restrain
Those keen desires that end in grief,
The thorns that wound for pleasures brief.
The tasks at school and griefs at play
Will pierce the feet along the way,
Until is reached a broader ground,
And life mature with strength is crowned.

Behold the grand old hills that frown
Above the vale, and looking down
In darkened lines o'er valleys, throw
Their shadows 'cross the paths that go
In toiling curves round gorge and crag,
That make our weary footsteps lag;
But at its top the sun sends down
Its radiant light, an undimmed crown;
So up our hill the path of life
Through darkness leads through care and strife.
But, at its top, God lights our way
With brightest beam, a perfect day.

LIVING BAROMETERS.

Among recent advances in weather lore, one branch of this subject has received but scant attention. There is a widespread belief in the delicate powers possessed by some animals and plants of predicting the approach of weather changes; it is even said that in some cases these natural barometers seem to be more sensitive that the meteorological instruments in ordinary use.

Nor could it be wondered at if the instinct, which the lower animals have acquired throughout long periods of natural selection, of foretelling the coming of the storm that robs them of their food or destroys their home and young, should prove more unerring than the more laborious observations of man.

The power of adaptation to circumstances, which man alone enjoys to its full extent, has rendered it unnecessary that he should know by intuition what the weather of the next few hours may be. But with the lower animals the case is altogether different.

Defenceless as they are against the ravages of the storm, and powerless to combat the fury of the elements, it is often to them a matter of life or death should their instinct fail to warn them of approaching danger. This gift has no doubt been an important factor in determining the survival of the fittest; it has given its possessors advantages over their less fortunate competitors.

The gift may, however, be less mysterious than it at first appears. The president of the Royal Meteorological Society, in a long discourse on "Weather Fallacies," printed in the society's Quarterly Journal this year, while not affirming that all indications derived as to the future from plants and animals are fallacious, practically asserted that most of those examined by scientific experts had broken down.

The actions relied on as indications of future changes, indicate directly only what the animals at that moment feel, not what they feel is coming. If they act in a special way before rain comes, that is simply, he believes, because they feel uneasy by reason of actual chilliness or dampness; but in fact such dampness may precede still wetter weather. So with plants: they act in accordance with the weather conditions actually prevailing—conditions which, in many cases, precede greater changes, so that valuable hints may be derived from these sources.

The restlessness of domestic animals on the approach of rainy weather has given rise to many a household proverb. Cats and dogs are given to scratching and other uneasy movements, while their fur looks less bright and glossy; horses and cattle stretch their necks and sniff the air; sheep become frolicsome, or turn their back to the wind, with frequent quarrels; goats bleat incessantly and leave the hill-tops for more sheltered spots; pigs run uneasily about, carrying straw to the sty, and no longer wallow in the mud and mire; fowls huddle together in the farm-yard, with drooping wings, and the air is filled with the clamorous cackle of geese and ducks.

When Louis X., astonished at the remarkable accuracy of the charcoal-burner's weather predictions, curiously asked the cause, he learned that the real prophet was the man's donkey, which always hung his ears forward and rubbed his back against the wall on the approach of rain.

But although domestic animals are undoubtedly sensitive to changes, present or coming, in the weather, it is among the wilder creatures that we find this power in its fullest extent.

Moles become more active in digging; stoats and weasels become unusually restless and uneasy; rats and mice run noisily about in the house walls; and the hedgehog fortifies his cave against the coming storm with an unfailing provision which has earned for this strange little animal quite a reputation among weather prophets.

Wild birds suffer much from inclement seasons, and might therefore be expected to have an unusually delicate perception of unfavorable atmospheric conditions. In addition to the accurate knowledge of the change of seasons which is indispensable to habits of migration, keen sensitiveness to weather conditions is abundantly shown in the daily habits of birds both large and small.

Rooks and swallows, instead of taking their customary distant flight, remain near home when a tempest is brewing; sea-gulls no longer venture out to sea, but hover over the fields or fly inland when wind and rain are near; swallows and martins fly low and skim the water; herons seem doubtful where to rest; and the robin broods, melancholy, in the bush, or seeks the shelter of a neighboring roof.

Stormy petrels have long established their claim to consideration by mariners as weather guides, owing to their invariable habit of collecting in the wake of ships before a storm. There are some, however, who ascribe this behavior of Mother Carey's chickens rather to the superstitious imagination of sailors than to the wisdom of the bird itself.

FARSEEING.—A tale is told of a great advertiser. One day he engaged a whole page of a newspaper, and repeated a two-line advertisement upon it over and over again. It must have been repeated 5,000 times upon the page in the smallest type.

"Why do you waste your money, Mr.——?" asked a friend. "I noticed that same line so often. Wouldn't half a page have answered your purpose?"

"Half a page would never have caused you to ask the question," replied the astute man of business. "At least five people will ask that to every line, was the way I calculated it."

Grains of Gold.

An honest man can never be a friend to the thief.

Religious hate is the most relentless of all hate.

The character of love is the same in every country and climate.

In pursuing our own happiness we should not forget that of others.

We talk of creative minds. That is but a figure of speech—we can create nothing.

The trouble about sowing wild oats is, that the same hand that sows must do the reaping.

Many a boy has turned out bad, because his father bore down too hard on the grindstone.

The greatest waste of time we can be guilty of in this world, is to neglect to prepare for the next.

Laws are not made like lime twigs or nets, to catch everything that toucheth them; but rather like sea-marks, to guide from shipwreck the ignorant passenger.

Femininities.

When showing strangers about the house the hostess should first step within the doorway of each room, and then invite them to follow her.

The Princess Maud never wore a ring until Prince Charles of Denmark placed her engagement ring on her finger. The princess, it is said, has large hands.

Helen: What makes you think that Eve rode a bicycle in the Garden of Eden? Larkins: Merely inference. The Bible says she was the first woman to fall.

Every guest at a Norwegian wedding brings the bride a present. In many parts a keg of butter is the usual gift, and, if the marriage takes place in winter, salted or frozen meat is offered.

The cloth of the old Egyptians was so good that, though it has been used for thousands of years as wrappings of the mummies, the Arabs of to-day can wear it. It is all of linen; wool being considered unclean.

Mrs. James G. Blaine will erect a tomb in Augusta, Me., in which will be laid the remains of her noted husband and their two sons. The site that she has selected is on the brow of the hill overlooking the city, and many old elms shade the spot.

At Marlborough House there is more ceremony, socially speaking, than at Sandringham. A number of servants herald your arrival or departure, and there are usually two servants standing outside your room door when you are staying in the house, and a man behind the chair of every guest at meal time.

A little girl, aged nine, called her father to her bedside one evening.

"Papa," said the little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice."

"Well, my little dear, what about?"

"What do you think it will be best to give me on my birthday?"

Mrs. Eugene Daniels, of Canaan, has a tame crow that is a curiosity. It is about eighteen months old, and has been in captivity from the nest. It talks and seems to understand what is said to it, and is fond of music. It goes to church every Sunday, and waits outside until the services are through.

The Empress Frederick spends much time at Friedrichshof in garden. She is very fond of roses for decoration purposes and has a large nursery garden, where choice fruit is cultivated for her table. The dining-room has a music gallery at one end, while the only ornament of the splendid mantelpiece is a bust of the late Emperor.

Two Chinese girls have been graduated from the Medical School of Michigan. They were sent to the university by Miss Charlotte Howe, of the mission school at Kinkiang, and are to act as medical missionaries in China. Many Japanese lads have graduated from this institution, but China has sent the first foreign representatives of the fair sex.

The Abigail Adams Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution of Quincy, Mass., has erected a cairn on the top of Payne's Hill in memory of Abigail Adams, the mother of President John Quincy Adams. It marks the spot where she, with her son, John Quincy Adams, then a boy of 7, watched the smoke of burning Charlestown, and listened to the guns at the battle of Bunker Hill.

"Come," called a bridesmaid to the bride, who was standing before a mirror, touching and retouching, "they're waiting for you, you look beautiful."

"Oh, yes, I know that; brides always do."

"Well then, what are you standing before the glass for, when everything is waiting?"

"Because, dear," she answered, with provoking patience, "it is well for one to indulge in some reflection before one gets married, you know."

Princess Victoria of Capua, the niece of the King of Naples, who recently died, had a somewhat strange hobby, namely, the breaking in of wild horses. She lived alone in her chateau near Lucca, and the peasants of the neighborhood always spoke of her as Diana. She would drive a four-in-hand of half-broken animals through the wild rugged mountain passes in the most astonishing manner, and her horses seemed always to obey the slightest movement of her reins.

Playing the mandolin is the newest musical fancy in New York, the banjo being quite out of fashion. The mandolin is a very dainty-looking instrument, and when suspended from the player's neck with blue or copper colored ribbon, according to the complexion, makes a picturesque ensemble. The fashion is copied from Queen Margaret of Italy, who is a finished player, and either Italian popular airs or Spanish gipsy songs are considered the most appropriate ditties.

"Tildie," he murmured, "will you be my wife?"

Tildie had her mouth made up to say, "It's so sudden, you know," prior to falling into his arms. But list—he continues:

"You know, Tildie, it's a very small favor I ask of you. Can you not grant it?"

Tildie didn't have anything to say in regard to suddenness, and she didn't fall into his arms. She merely remarked, with fine emphasis:

"Small favor!" and flounced out of the room with an energy worthy of a better cause.

Masculinities.

It is said that the only European monarch who is not insured is the Czar. The companies will risk nothing on him.

S. McCaughey, of the Coonong Station, Jerilderie, New South Wales, has 3,000,000 acres of land and 1,000,000 sheep.

During a recent storm in Missouri a barn was blown into the neighborhood of Webb City for which no owner has as yet been found.

There is no similarity between the occupations of the pilot and the cattle dealer, although they both make a living by handling steers.

A man feels drowsy after a hearty dinner because a large part of the blood in the system goes to the stomach to aid in digestion, and leaves the brain poorly supplied.

A Whitman, Mass., horticulturist is being laughed at because he planted the contents of a box of pills in his garden instead of seeds, and then wondered why they didn't grow.

Count Tolstoi, who went among the bicyclists last year, aged 67, recently applied in Moscow for the permit which the wheelmen need who wish to ride within the city limits.

"Well, they are together again at last," murmured Mrs. Newlywed, clasping something at her throat. "Who, dear?" asked Mr. Newlywed. "Hook and eye," she softly replied.

A public-spirited man in Stamford, Conn., has offered a prize of $50 to be divided between the two gardeners who keep the finest lawns, gardens and surroundings for their employers.

Miss Fanny Crosby, the hymn writer, is now more than 70 years of age. Though she has been blind almost from birth, she is always happy and cheerful. For thirty-two years she has been in the employ of a firm in New York.

It is not generally known that when a person falls into the water a common felt hat may be made use of as a life preserver, and by placing the hat upon the water, rim down, with the arm round it, pressing it slightly to the breast, it will bear a man up for hours.

It is said that a Holden, Me., farmer, who proposes to build a cyclone cellar, lost three hens, twenty-seven well-laden fruit trees, fourteen rows of prime peas, an acre of beans, 164 lights of glass, two chimneys, a yearling calf and a year's growth during the recent gale and hail storm there.

A discovery has just been made of a relic, which, should it prove genuine, will be a national object of veneration to the French. It is the armor given by Charles VII at Bourges to Joan of Arc. He ordered it to be made for her during the siege of Orleans. The armor bears the arms that Charles VII granted her.

Walking backward is the latest pedestrian feat on a wager. A young Belgian recently walked from Antwerp to Brussels in two days, going backward the whole time. Practice made him progress as rapidly as by the ordinary mode of walking, but he was obliged to wear special shoes, with a kind of heel underneath the toe.

The spider is so well supplied with the silky thread with which it makes its web, that an experimenter once drew out of the body of a single specimen 360 yards of the thread—a length but little short of two miles. A fabric woven of spider's thread is more glossy than that from the silk worm's product, and is of a beautiful golden color.

A. G. Caswell, of Sunamont, Me., is a great fisherman, and has accomplished a feat heretofore unheard of in his locality. He borrowed a fish line, and, after baiting his hook, threw it into the water. In a short time he had a terrific strike, his line humming through the water. He was obliged to have assistance. After a time Caswell landed a twenty-one-pound salmon.

Some time ago Jim Tucker, of Whitetop, N. C., and Frank Edmiston, of Virginia, got into a little unpleasantness, during which the former shot the latter in the leg. When the bullet was extracted, Edmiston carefully preserved the missile and waited for a chance at Tucker. A few days since he got it. He didn't shoot Tucker, but he made him eat and swallow the bullet, after which, expressing himself as satisfied, Edmiston rode away.

Freeman Randall, of Riverside, Me., is possessed of both good luck and good nerves. When he fell from the top of a ventilator the other day, and after striking on his head on the shingled roof, bounced along to the eaves and then to the ground, sixty feet from where he started, he landed on his feet, and after feeling himself over to assure himself that he was all there, climbed back to his former perch and resumed his work as though nothing had happened.

Fortune-teller: You may in time make a good income, but you will never be rich.

Young man: Eh? Why not?

Fortune-teller: You are not saving—you are wasteful.

Young man: My, my—I'm afraid that is true! You have a wonderful gift! How did you know I was wasteful?

Fortune-teller: You have just wasted one dollar getting your fortune told.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Skirts are almost invariably trimmed. Sometimes the gores are defined by insertions of lace, straps of braid or cut-work embroidery, or the front breadth is embroidered so that it looks like a panel; but at the bottom of skirts is where new fashions are particularly noticeable; small, overlapping ruffles are headed with a ruche, or a bias ruffle is put on in festoons, or perhaps with a band of ribbon. At all events, there is something to break the straight line down from the waist. The festooned flounces have knots of ribbon with wee little buckles put on at regular intervals, or, as in the case of a gown just finished, with the festoon apparently ending in the middle of the front breadth and fastened with a large rosette and rhinestone buckle. Wash dresses almost invariably have a bit of ribbon trimming just above the tiny ruffle. A dark blue India silk that is flowered all over with green and pink has around the bottom of the skirt three bands, the lowest of dark blue velveteen and the upper two of green and pink; just the narrow edge of these ribbons shows, and makes an extremely pretty finish.

It requires a woman of much artistic taste and careful thought as regards the details of dress to put on a veil properly, and she has another problem to wrestle with this season if she attempts to wear a fichu, for the fichu needs the touch of an artist quite as much as the veil. The folds must be arranged gracefully and the ends coquettishly twisted and fastened with fancy pins to make a success of this pretty article of dress.

Flower garnitures are in great demand for trimming summer ball dresses, and it seems that the art of arranging them perfectly is a rare one, which commands a price in Paris.

A waterproof cloak which will improve rather than detract from a woman's appearance is an invention which the artists in dress have not yet turned out, and women are continually seeking it without success. The usual rainproof garment is shapeless and disguises all semblance of the form underneath.

One of the perennials of fashion is the Figaro jacket, which crops up with great regularity. This season it is very short, to display the wide folded belt, and made of Oriental embroidery.

Pretty hats and bonnets are made of horsehair lace, with a decoration of guipure lace studded with imitation diamonds. The latest straw hats have a high crown and a brim which curves slightly over the face and straight at the back. Wide black velvet ribbon and feathers, with a bunch of flowers tucked under the brim, form the trimming; but hats and bonnets in general bloom with gorgeous flowers, filmy tulle and resplendent ribbons. Violet satin straw, with green tulle and purple and yellow pansies, is one of the most striking combinations.

White linen lawn vests, with hemstitched tucks and frill down the front and a turnover linen collar, are one of the novelties to wear with the coat and skirt gown.

Extremely stylish is a linen gown, made with the full flaring skirt, adorned with a hem seven inches deep, above which are five tucks 1½ inches wide.

The bodice, fitting smoothly across the bust, is made without darts, the fullness being drawn down at the waist under the high ceinture of white satin, which is tied in a small bow at the right side. The right side of the front of the bodice fastens well over to the left below the bust, while the upper portion turns back in a stylish revers, covered with finely tucked linen matching the gown. The large collet is of beurri-colored guipure, and the collar-band of tucked linen corresponding with the revers is headed by a very full frill of white mousseline de soie, bordered with narrow black velvet ribbon. The fashionable leg-of-mutton sleeve is finished at the wrist in two rounded tabs falling over the hand. A sunshade en suite is carried. The gloves are light pearl. The small capote of gold tissue is garnished in the centre of the front with black tips.

Another attractive toilette is in red and blue small-checked woollen. The wide skirt is cut in the regulation shape, with its graceful folds falling to the foot unadorned. It is lined throughout with red and blue shot silk and faced at the foot with haircloth.

The perfectly fitted bodice has a small vest of red linen, with very short fluted basques, and open waved edges and a high flaring collar, which are ornamented with appliques of white guipure. The interior is of white mousseline de soie over maize silk. The sleeve has a short, full puff at the top, and a tight-fitting lower sleeve, edged with a frill of white lace. The sunshade is red-and-blue shot taffeta. The gloves, straw color.

The hat, of course blue straw, is trimmed at either side of the front by two erect black wings, while a wealth of shaded red poppies encircle the brim.

A pretty little dimity gown has a full skirt with deep hem, and a round draped bodice with a square decolletage, outlined with guipure insertion; two bands of the same lace enrich the centre front from the decolletage to the waist. The little chemisette of white mull has two plaited ruffles bordered with narrow lace for the choker. The ribbon belt has a bow of the same at the back. The short puff sleeve of dimity is drawn into a band of the lace insertions, below which is a fitted sleeve of shirred white mull, with a frill of white lace falling over the hand.

Very smart is a dotted white muslin, with a very full skirt garnished at the foot with a Spanish flounce of the muslin, enriched with many rows of Valenciennes insertion, and both the lower edge and heading bordered with Valenciennes lace.

The full blouse bodice is trimmed in the centre of the front with a row of insertion, edged with lace and extending from the neck to the waist. On either side of the plait is a wide fall of the muslin adorned with lace and insertion. The front edge of this is even with the centre trimming and the other edge reaches out a little beyond the armhole, the top being sloped and gathered, thus making a graceful cascade on either side of the front. The white satin collar-band is headed by a small ruche of the muslin edged with lace. The satin belt has a bow of the same at the back. The sleeve has a short puff, and wrinkled lower sleeve, gathered to three rows of insertion arranged at the back from the elbow to wrist, where it is finished with a double frill of the lace.

Another pretty blouse in dotted muslin has a square yoke, outlined at the back with lace insertion, and trimmed perpendicularly in the front with the insertion. A turn over collar and centre box-plait are edged with narrow lace. The sleeves are bishops with lace cuffs.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Salt cleanses the palate and furred tongue, and a gargle of salt and water is often most efficacious.

Nasal catarrh is often cured by a syringe of weak brine or by snuffing fine dry salt up the nostrils. Neuralgia pains give way also.

A pinch of salt on the tongue, followed ten minutes afterward by a drink of cold water, often cures sick headache.

Salt hardens gums, makes teeth white and sweetens the breath.

All household pets should have salt within their reach.

Salt improves the coat of a horse, and gall is prevented by bathing with salt water.

Cows should have rock salt in every field.

Cut flowers may be kept fresh by adding salt to the water.

All skin diseases are relieved by salt added to water.

Medical statistics claim exemption from renal troubles in sailors accustomed to a heavy proportion of salt food.

Pelagra, a parasitic disease of the Italian peasantry, has been attributed to the consumption of unsalted food.

Weak ankles should be rubbed with solution of salt, water and alcohol.

Salt in solution is an antidote to many poisons.

Rose colds, hay fever and kindred affections may be much relieved by using fine dry salt, like snuff.

Dyspepsia, heart burn and indigestion are relieved by a cup of hot water in which a small spoonful of salt has been melted.

Salt and water will sometimes revive an unconscious person when hurt, if brandy or other remedies are not at hand.

Pulverized rock salt in equal quantity of turpentine, is excellent dressing for a felon. Apply a rag soaked in this every twenty-four hours.

Hemorrhage from tooth-pulling is stopped by filling the mouth with salt and water.

Weak and tired eyes are refreshed by bathing with warm water and salt.

Salt rubbed into the scalp or occasionally added to the water in washing prevents the hair falling off.

Feathers unsnarled by damp weather are quickly dried by shaking over fire in which salt has been thrown.

Salt should always be eaten with nuts, and a dessert fruit salt used to be specially made.

If twenty pounds of salt and ten pounds of muriate of ammonia be dissolved in seven gallons of water and bottled, many fires might be prevented. By splashing and spraying the burning articles the fire is soon extinguished. An incombustible coating is immediately formed.

Add salt to the water in which black and white cotton goods are washed.

Flat irons may be made smooth if rubbed over salt.

An experiment has been made in England of making stockings and gloves of paper. It has proved the greatest success. The texture is given solidity and durability by being placed in a bath consisting of a mixture of tallow and potato starch, and when finished its appearance is said to closely resemble the articles made from wool and cotton. Blotting paper is the latest material used in making bicycles handles.

Big square buttons make effective trimmings. The day of the fancy button may be waning, but very elegant and artistic costumes all show some kind of button decoration. Buckles and buttons hold the artistic fichu draperies in place, without which dress-up toilets would be commonplace.

In buying vegetables, buy by weight if possible. If heavy they are usually good.

Put camphor gum in the drawers where silver is laid away to prevent tarnishing.

Never cover hot meats or soups when setting away until thoroughly chilled. If there is no escape for the hot air they will inevitably spoil.

To save fingers in cleaning fish, cut off the fins with scissors.

Figs that have grown dry may be steamed until moist and plump, dusted with powdered sugar and served as a dainty dessert with salted peanuts or almonds.

It is becoming more and more fashionable to eschew tablecloths, at any rate for polished tables. In modish houses cloths are quite the exception. For the workaday room or shabby table, however, there must be a cloth, and the best is made of art serge, simply edged with blanket stitch done in crewels, turned over and herring-boned (the hem turned over on the side that shows), or with a band of plushette, mitred at the corner.

Ceilings which have become blackened by the smoke from lamps or gas may be easily cleaned by washing them with cloths wrung out of water in which some soda has been dissolved.

The purity of silk and woolen materials is best tested by burning the threads. All animal products, such as silk and wool, burn slowly and leave a sort of little charcoal head, which emits an odor like burnt feathers. Vegetable products, such as cotton and linen, burn readily, leave no residuum, and have no smell. Jute smoulders and leaves a light, feathery head. Jute is rarely found in any dress fabrics with the exception of very cheap silks.

A way to test linen, by means of which the introduction of cotton among the linen threads may be detected, is to cut off a small piece of the material, to unravel the threads, and then to examine them under a strong magnifying glass. The characteristics of flax threads are very marked. They are in the form of cylindrical stalks, divided at intervals by knots, in the same way as bamboo or sugar cane stalks. Cotton threads are long and flattened like ribbon, twisted in spirals, and granulated on the surface.

The best way to clean hot water copper boilers is with oxalic acid. Procure ten cents' worth from the druggist and put it in a bottle that will hold a pint and a half. Fill the bottle with cold water, and when the acid is dissolved rub it over the hot boiler with a soft cloth and polish at once with a dry piece of flannel. The bottle should be marked "Poison," and kept out of the ordinary reach. The amount indicated will make enough to use several times.

Crude oil and turpentine, mixed half and half, form a furniture cleaner and polisher that can be well recommended.

Small pieces of raw potatoes will cleanse bottles in a most satisfactory matter.

A piece of raw potato is excellent to use instead of a cloth for cleaning knives.

The opinion of a well-known medical man on the subject of wheeling is this: "The amount of iron in a modern bicycle, combined in drug form and given to a person run down in health, would require months to produce the desired tonic effect. A bicycle, judiciously ridden, will do it in a few weeks."

To clean silver-backed hair brushes flour is recommended, it being obvious that dipping the bristles in ammonia water is not practicable. When the silver backs need polishing the bristles should be protected with a strip of paper.

Every bottle of medicine should be well shaken before a dose is poured out, and during the pouring the bottle should be held with the label side upwards, in order to preserve the legibility of the directions.

Black lace which looks shabby can be revived by being washed in strong tea, which should be tepid; squeeze the lace well in the tea, then rinse it in fresh tea, and let it remain for about an hour; then remove and carefully squeeze the lace; spread it evenly on a cloth, and beat it between the hands to abstract the moisture. Spread the lace out, right side downward, on a sheet of common foolscap paper placed on the ironing sheet; carefully pull out the points of the lace with a pin, then cover with more paper, and iron until perfectly smooth and dry. If it is necessary that the lace should be slightly stiffened, add a little gum arabic, which has been previously dissolved, to the tea.

A handful of carpet tacks will clean fruit jars or bottles readily. Half fill the jars with hot soap suds, put in the tacks, cover, give vigorous shaking and rinse well.

The prejudice against cut flowers in the sick room is probably a groundless one. Flowers with a strong perfume, like hyacinths, lilies of the valley and others, might nauseate the patient by their strong odor, but a few simple blossoms are cheering in their effect, and especially so when the patient is fond of flowers. Do not allow flowers to stand more than a day in the same water unless there is charcoal in it.

Rain water will keep the skin soft and smooth and should best be used for the face; but if it cannot be had, a handful of oatmeal thrown into hard water of a little powdered borax dissolved in the water is the best substitute.

Currant Scones.—One pound of flour, one handful of currants, one dessertspoonful of butter, one dessertspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful baking soda, a half teaspoonful tartaric acid, some buttermilk. Rub the butter among the flour, add all the other dry things, stir in enough buttermilk to make a paste, roll out rather thinly, put plenty of flour on the top, cut out and put on the girdle till ready.

Ginger Bread.—One and a half pounds of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, six ounces of butter, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a pound of treacle, one teaspoonful of ground ginger, a quarter of a pound of sugar, one teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Rub the soda and cream of tartar into the flour; then rub in the butter, and add the spices. Melt the sugar and treacle together, with about two teacupsful of boiling water; stir together, pour over the other things, and put into a buttered tin. Bake in a moderate oven for an hour and a half.

Angel Cake.—Whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth, add three-fourths of a cup of fine granulated sugar, after sifting two or three times, and beat thoroughly one-half cupful of flour with one-half teaspoonful of cream tartar, added and sifted five times, a small pinch of salt, then stir it very lightly; bake forty minutes in slow oven. Don't grease the tin. When done turn bottom side up for a few minutes, and it will come out easily. Flavor to taste.

Buns without Eggs.—One pound of flour, two pounds of currants, one pound raisins, quarter of a pound of orange peel, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of allspice, one teaspoonful of ginger, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one and a half teacups of milk. Prepare all the fruit, and mix in a large basin all the dry things, then pour in the milk and mix it. Butter a large tin, and line it with paste, if you like. Put the mixture in, cover with a bit of paste on the top, egg over, and bake at least two hours. The paste may be left out, the tin only greased and floured.

Codfish a la Mode.—One teaspoonful of codfish picked up fine, two cups of mashed potatoes, one pint of cream or milk, two eggs well beaten, half a teacup of butter, salt and pepper. Mix well; bake in dish from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

A Touch of Terror.

BY R. L. T.

"YOU are looking pale, Christabel," said my wife, as Miss Majendie joined us at breakfast. Mary has quite a hobby for discovering traces of illness in her friend.

To me Miss Majendie's face seemed naturally as pale as it could possibly be. Her white face gave an almost death-like look to her big dark, deep set eyes, which made me feel rather afraid of my wife's protege. Mary was always picking up new favorites and bringing them down to the Grange for a week or two.

This latest one was a black-and white artist, who had illustrated Mary's last tale, and won her admiration by her skill. I had found her rather a dull companion, but Mary was a greater admirer than ever, for she had discovered in her protege new sources of interest.

Besides being an undoubtedly clever draughtswoman, Miss Majendie had dabbled in the occult sciences, and could read thoughts and tell fortunes in a manner which inspired Mary with quite a fund of ideas for new stories.

On the previous evening she had certainly performed some very remarkable tricks of thought-reading.

"I hope that you did not wear yourself out last night," Mary went on, and Miss Majendie smiled her uncanny smile.

"Oh, no, dear. Thought-reading never tires me, but I am feeling a little upset. Mr. Temple will smile when he hears the cause."

"I should deplore the effect too much," I said.

"But it was a dream which make me feel ill," she said. "Such a terrible and vivid one that I don't like to think about it."

"I wish you would tell us it after breakfast," said Mary, who is superstitious, and after breakfast accordingly, her guest related her vision.

"It does not sound anything," she said, "but it was so terribly vivid. I have only to close my eyes to see it all again. I am glad my room is some way from yours, dear Mrs. Temple, or I might have alarmed you in the night. I am afraid that I awoke with a cry."

"Poor girl," said Mary, full of curiosity to hear what the dream could be. "It must have been very awful."

"It sounds nothing. I seemed to be in a wood, I think it was a path in the Grange Woods, but I cannot be certain. Along the path coming towards me were two people, a man and a girl, who appeared to be lovers. I could see their faces both very clearly; but they fortunately were not the faces of anybody I know. In my dream I watched them coming towards me, their arms entwined, and I thought in my sleep that it would make a very pretty illustration for a story.

"Just as they reached the end of the path where I stood, however, the man suddenly drew himself from his companion, and with a look on his face which makes me shudder to think of even now in the broad daylight, he snatched a revolver from his pocket, and shot the girl through the heart. That was all. I awoke then with a cry of alarm. It does not sound much of a dream to make me ill, does it? but I cannot get the two faces out of my mind. I sketched them from memory when I awoke."

"Oh! you must let us see them," said Mary, at once. And I was rather anxious myself to see the sketch made under such circumstances.

"They are only the roughest of drawings, and look very ghastly," said Miss Majendie, diffidently. "I only drew them to try and get the remembrance out of my mind."

We persuaded her to exhibit the sketches, however, and she ran up to her room to bring down a drawing-board containing one large sheet of paper covered with pencil sketches. There was a sketch of the lovers walking with arms interlaced. A sketch of the tragedy, and another of the dead girl, and a score of different faces of the man separately. There was only one clear portrait of the girl, and when Mary saw it she uttered a little scream.

"Look, Jack! Great heavens! it is Muriel!"

There was no doubt about it. The pencil drawing was an excellent portrait of Miss Muriel Temple, my niece and ward, whom Mary and I looked upon almost as our own child.

I turned to the artist.

"Is it possible that you have never seen Miss Temple?"

"If that is Miss Temple, certainly not. The face was quite new to me. I am sure that I should remember if I had ever seen it before. I am very sorry to find the face that of a real person. Do you recognize the murderer's?"

"I looked at the many drawings attentively, but without any recognition. They all showed a handsome, distinguished-looking face, with no suspicion of brutality about it, and although the face was one which, if once seen, would not easily be forgotten, it was perfectly strange to me."

"It is very remarkable that Christabel should have dreamed about Muriel without ever having seen her," said Mary, nervously, as she glanced again, shuddering, at the ghastly picture of the murder. "Do you think that it is a warning, Jack?"

I knew that Mary would take that view of it, and will confess that I was rather inclined to agree with her. I tell people that I am not superstitious, and had smiled hitherto at Miss Majendie's occult powers, but I flatter myself that I am not pig-headed, and the affair was strange enough to make anybody feel uncomfortable.

"Warning or not," I said, "I know that you will not be happy, dear, till you have Muriel at home again. I will write to Margaret, and ask her to send her to us."

Muriel was visiting my sister, Lady Mayhill, in Paris, and seemed to be enjoying herself immensely, as far as we could judge from the rare and scrappy letters with which she favored us at the Grange.

"She will not like the idea of shortening her visit, poor girl!" I said; and Mary agreed with me.

"I think that you had better telegraph, Jack," she said, anxiously. "She will see that it is something serious which makes us send, and come at once. It would be impossible to make her realize the necessity if we wrote."

I was glad that she made the suggestion, and hurried off at once to the post-office in the village to send off the wire. If I grumbled a little at the extra cost of a telegram, it was only to prevent Mary throwing the blame of the recall on my shoulders, if we came to consider our apprehension absurd.

I was indeed beginning to wonder whether we had not acted rather precipitately and foolishly, remembering that our fear was founded on nothing but a dream, when another circumstance occurred to increase my anxiety to fever pitch.

As I was nearly half-way back from the post office, after the dispatch of my message, a boy, who had hurried after me, overtook me with a letter in his hand. the mail had come in just as I had left, and the postmaster had kindly sent after me with a letter from Paris, which had arrived in it for me.

I opened it quickly, half expecting to find that something had happened to Muriel, and scarcely reassured by the absence of a black edge to the large envelope.

The envelope contained a card of some description, wrapped in tissue paper, and a couple of letters. I seized one from Mary first to reassure myself, and laughed at my fears when I found that although it was all about dear Muriel, still it was quite different news from what I expected, for our little girl had found in Paris a suitor.

Her aunt wrote enthusiastically of him. Harold Abinger was young, rich, handsome, of good family, and an artist of some distinction. He had met Muriel at the house of a mutual friend, where he was improving his technique in the atelier of a famous French painter, and the young people had fallen in love instantly.

"Yesterday," wrote my sister, "Harold begged for my consent to his union with our dear child, and made me very happy, for I have seen clearly for some days that she had given him her heart.

She confesses that she loves him, and he has every quality to make him a desirable husband. I told him, of course, that it would be necessary to gain your consent, as beside being Muriel's guardian, her inheritance of her father's fortune depends upon your agreement to her marriage; but I assured him that as your only wish was to see the dear child happy, the request would be only a mere matter of form.

You may trust my discretion sufficiently dear John, to give the necessary consent at once by letter, and make the two young people happy. Enclosed is a letter from Harold himself and a photograph of him, which will be sufficient recommendation by itself to one with your knowledge of physiognomy."

I drew a sigh of relief when I found the news so different from what I had been superstitiously fearing and smiled as I recalled the old adage that dreams go by contraries. Then I unwrapped the tissue paper round Harold Abinger's photograph, prepared to like the face of Muriel's suitor after my sister's praise, for Margaret was a good judge of character.

A single glance was sufficient to dispel all my pleasant anticipations, and bring back all my apprehensions. For the face was that of the man whom Miss Majendie had seen in her dream, and which she had sketched with life-like fidelity.

I stood for a moment quite overcome by the terror which swept over me at the recognition. Then I hurried back to the post office to send a second message to Margaret:

"Have received letter. Refuse consent. M. must come home instantly."

I was so alarmed myself by the identification of the dream murderer, that I dared not give my wife an inkling of it. She was quite sufficiently anxious as it was, and I remained on the qui vive, therefore, to meet any reply that my sister might send before it reached the house. When at length it came, it reassured me a little. Lady Mayhill telegraphed that they were astounded at my decision, and were coming over at once to seek an explanation.

I took the "we" to refer to her ladyship and Muriel, and, as I said, breathed more freely; for it seemed to me that there would be no safety for poor Muriel until she had placed the Channel between herself and the man she imagined she loved.

I would not admit to myself that she loved this Harold Abinger, at any rate, not too deeply to give up all thought of him, when I refused to countenance an engagement. For I felt that to do so in unmistakable warning that had come through my wife's guest would be little short of consenting to the poor girl's murder.

I informed my wife that Murial and her aunt were coming, but said nothing about Abinger. I calculated that the earliest moment at which they could arrive would be noon next day, but I had not taken the eagerness of the party from Paris into consideration, and I was surprised, therefore, to see the station 'bus drive up just after breakfast in the morning with Muriel's trunks on the top of it, and my sister Margaret inside.

Mary and I rushed out together, anxious to see our little girl safe and well, and we both stared in consternation when we found her aunt alone.

"Where is Muriel?" we said in a breath, and Margaret glanced at me as if prepared for battle on Abinger's account, as she answered:

"The 'bus was so stuffy, and we were so tired of sitting still that I advised them to walk. Muriel is showing Harold that sweet path through the woods."

It must have puzzled her to see the absolute panic into which her words drove me. Fool that I had been not to see that Abinger would accompany them to plead his own cause.

In trying to avert the fulfilment of the dream I had done the one thing necessary to complete it. I had brought my ward and Abinger to the very place where, in Miss Majendie's dream, the tragedy took place.

Mary luckily knew nothing about Harold Abinger, and she was overpowering her sister-in-law with perplexed questions as I hurried off, hatless as I was, to the woods, to meet the couple and avert the tragedy which I was certain now would take place unless Heaven granted that I might be in time.

Fortunately I met nobody on my way, or I should certainly have been taken for a madman, as I ran more quickly than I had run for twenty years in the direction of the path through the woods. As I entered it hope left me, for from the trees somewhere beyond me came the sound of a pistol-shot.

I ran on in the direction from which it came. At every turn in the shady path I expected to find my poor little Muriel lying dead on the grass, as she had been in that terrible picture of the thought-reader's.

In spite of my unusual exertion, my face was cold with a clammy sweat. My breath seemed to have deserted me, but I still ran on till at an abrupt turn in the path I stopped suddenly, overcome with astonishment.

For there before me, at a little distance, was Muriel, not dead at all, but leaning very happily upon the arm of a handsome man whom I recognized at once from the photograph as Harold Abinger.

They were so engaged in confidential talk that they did not see me for a moment or two, then Muriel ran forward blushing prettily to load me with endearments, and ask what the reason was of my curious decision.

Her suitor also was anxious to know, and with a sudden decision—for I had determined to act quite differently—I pulled Miss Majendie's sheet of drawings from my pocket.

"This is the reason," I said, panting still for breath.

The young man examined the sheet curiously.

"I think I recognize the workmanship," he said; "but I fail to see the reason of these sketches. They are the work of a Miss Majendie, are they not?"

I stared at him.

"Do you know her?"

"Unfortunately. We were fellow students at the Academy schools. She showed an infatuation for me which made others beside myself suspect her of insanity. Luckily I can refer you to many people who will assure you that I was absolutely free from all responsibility for her insane passion.

"I presume that in her dread of seeing me married to your ward, she has been trying to poison your mind against me."

"But do you mean to say that Miss Majendie knows you by sight?" I said, in astonishment, and the young man smiled.

"Of course."

"And does she know Muriel by sight?"

"Probably, for a few weeks ago we met her in Paris when we were together, and she tried to create a scene."

I needed no more. It was easy to see how the mad woman had schemed to part the lovers, and I postponed any further inquiry until we should see her.

But it was too late to see poor Christabel Majendie. She must have seen the lovers in the woods, and have killed herself in despair at the failure of her hopes, and her mad scheme for preventing Abinger's engagement.

Her body was found late in the day near the path by which they had walked, with the bullet of a revolver through her heart. It was probably the report of the fatal shot which had added the last touch to a terror from which I hope never to suffer again.

OLD TIME BATHS.—Baths of milk and wine were both used by ladies of fashion to preserve their beauty. Wine is said, by its astringency, to reduce wrinkles, and when Lord Shrewsbury was guarding the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots, he demanded a larger allowance from the Government because of the great expense caused by the royal lady's baths of wine.

Queen Elizabeth, notwithstanding the fact that she herself had three thousand dresses in her wardrobe that had only been worn once, issued a proclamation against the "excess of apparel," which caused "the wasting and undoing of a great number of young gentlemen; and that others, seeking by show of apparel to be esteemed as gentlemen, and allured by the vain show of these things, not only consume their goods and lands, but also run into such debts and shifts as they cannot live out of danger of laws without attempting unlawful acts."

She threatened to impose a rate upon the gallants according to the costliness of their dress. But when a knight's cloak cost five hundred pounds, the embroidery for a lady's gown, fifty, and when people wore jewels to the value of thousands of pounds at one time; and when we read of gentlemen dressed in "crimson velvet and beaten gold," of a duke blazing with diamonds from head to foot, shaking himself from time to time in order to enjoy the spectacle of the maids of honor scrambling for the precious stones; of Sir Walter Raleigh appearing at Court with seven thousand pounds worth of jewels on his shoes alone, or in solid silver armor, his sword and belt glittering with encrusted diamonds, rubies and pearls, it is not to be wondered at that such a proclamation was considered necessary.

It is generally argued that the folly of living in excess of income has been confined to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but this generation, at least, has nothing so ostentatious or extravagant as this to show.

LIFE is a web, time is a shuttle, man is a weaver. The principle of human action is the thread in the web of life. That which goes into the web will invariably come out with the web, and nothing, it cannot be contested, will come out with the web which has not been put in.

Humorous.

I WONDER.

He kissed me—and I knew it was wrong,
For he was neither kith nor kin;
Need one do penance very long
For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand—that was not right;
Why will men have such wicked ways?
It was not for a moment quite,
But in it there were days and days.

There's mischief in the moon, I know;
I'm positive I saw her wink
When I requested him to go;
I meant it, too—I think.

But, after all, I'm not to blame;
He took the kiss; I do think men
Are born without a sense of shame!
I wonder when he'll come again?

—A. Q.

The egg is apt to suffer from boils.

Men of position—Dancing masters.

A frosty mourning — The Boston widow.

The most successful progress is that of the man who rolls the wheelbarrow, for he carries all before him.

"Ye pays no more attention to me," said Patrick to his children, "than if I were a dumb baste talking to yez."

Miss Cross: What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Miss Sharpe: Turn my toes out.

"Why do you keep that long step-ladder in your parlor all the time?"

"Little Harry is always letting go the string of his balloon."

Doctor: You have an excess of adipose tissue, madame.

Patient: Good gracious, doctor! Do you suppose that makes me so fat?

A recent marriage notice ends with the singular expression, probably added by a waggish friend:

May their future troubles be little ones!

Wife, tearfully: You have broken your promise!

Husband, kissing her: Never mind, my dear—don't cry; I'll make you another.

Languid stranger: Have I time to catch the train?

Smart Policeman: You may have the time, but you don't seem to have the speed.

Miss Maunders: He proposed, but I refused to marry him.

Miss Canuique: Oh, you noble, generous girl! You're always doing some kindness for other people.

Mr. Nocash: Your daughter is of mature age. Why do you wish our marriage postponed three years?

Old Gentleman: One or the other of you may die before that time.

Married: How do you like these photographs of my mother-in-law?

Single: They are very good of her. I prefer this one.

Married: Yes, so do I. She always looks well in a traveling dress.

Husband: I have made all sorts of sacrifices for you. Now what did you ever give up for me?

Wife: What did I ever give up for you? Well, I never! Why, I gave up half a dozen of the nicest young men in town.

Daughter: This piano is really my very own, isn't it, pa?

Pa: Yes, my dear.

Daughter: And when I marry I can take it with me, can I?

Pa: Certainly, my child; but don't tell anyone. It might spoil your chances.

Mrs. Blinks: That horrid Mrs. Winks says I'm a fool.

Mr. Blinks: I am sure she would not make such an ill-natured remark.

Mrs. Blinks: Well, she didn't say that in so many words, but that is what she meant. She says I believe everything you tell me.

"Boodle's wife is very indignat with him."

"Why?"

"He played a trick on her. He came home very late the other night."

"That has happened before."

"And he told her he heard a burglar in the house, so that she was afraid to scold him above a whisper."

Nippkins: Why so blue, old boy?

Biffkins: I tried to economize by marrying my typewriter.

Nippkins: Good idea!

Biffkins: No, it wasn't. She refuses to do any more type-writing, demands two servants to take care of her, and insists that my next typewriter shall be a man, although men want larger salaries.

A husband who had been out shooting, but had not been successful, rather than return home empty-handed stepped into a shop and purchased a hare.

"There, my ducky," he said to his wife on reaching home, "you see I am not so awkward with the gun after all."

"Let me see!"

"Isn't he a fine fellow?"

"My dear," said his wife, as she carried the hare to her nostrils, and put it down with a grimace, "you were quite right in killing him to day; to-morrow would been too late."

THE IRIS.—The ancients named the iris plant after the attendant of Juno, because its colors are the same as those which the poets and mythological writers have bestowed on the messenger of their goddess. Iris is generally depictured as descending from the rainbow, and her arch is said not to vary more in its colors than the flower that has been honored by her name.

Milton distinguishes these flowers as "Iris, all hues." Every quarter of the world possesses the iris, and, excepting the rose, no flower has been more celebrated by the historian and the poet than this genus of plants, which so greatly embellishes both the land and the waters, and has at various periods contributed so much towards the sustenance and added to the medicines of man. The ancients used the iris or flag flower, as a symbol of eloquence; and it was probably on this account that it was placed by the Egyptians on the brow of the Sphinx.

About the middle of the twelfth century, Louis VII., of France, having been excommunicated by the Pope, and his kingdom laid under an interdict, was persuaded to take up the cross and join in the romantic expedition of the Crusaders, on which occasion he distinguished himself, as was the custom of those times, by a peculiar blazon, for which he chose the iris flower, from that time called Fleur de Louis, Louis' flower, which was first contracted into fleur de Luce, and afterwards into fleur de lis, lily flower, though it has no affinity to the lily.

The iris flower soon became celebrated in France, as the fleur de lis, and was not only used in the arms of France, but employed in the decorative embellishments of the crown itself.

CHARACTER.—The first condition of success is evidently that of a good natural organization. "Self-made men," of whom we hear so much, exist only in the imagination of those who write about them. The natural qualities that make up the character of the man are inherited from the parents, and can be modified and cultivated only with certain limits. They cannot be created anew after life has commenced. Some French writer has wittily said that if you wish to reform a man you must commence with his grandmother. Indeed you must commence still farther back if you would wholly reform the character of a people. The process of evolution is slow, and inherited qualities adhere with astonishing tenacity, in spite of the greatest efforts to modify them. But this fact need not discourage us in our efforts at improvement. In it is involved the fact that good qualities once established also adhere and propagate themselves from generation to generation. Our work is not that of the creation of character, which is impossible, but of its progressive modification within natural limits.

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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '85. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 2.55, 7.50, 10.09, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.08, 4.10, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 10.32, a m, 12.14, (dining car), 4.10, 8.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 4.35, 8.50, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.24, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.20, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.34, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 8.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m. Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 6.34, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom 6.34 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.15 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.34 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3 00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 5.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.35, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.50, 8.15 a m, 4.3 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.30 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 1629 Chestnut street, 800 S. Third street, 3608 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

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on the Delaware.

No greater attraction has ever been presented to the Philadelphia public than the

Marvelous Electric Fountain

which is exhibited FREE OF CHARGE every afternoon and evening. This fountain cost $75 000 and is the most magnificent one in the world. It plays at 2.45, 7.45 and 8.30 P. M. The full spectacular display is given at the latter hour.

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With Victor Herbert as Conductor, gives two concerts daily, every afternoon at 3 and every evening at 8 P M These concerts are absolutely free of charge.

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Every Afternoon and Evening

Boats from Arch and South Sts. Wharves, direct to the Park, every 15 minutes from 9 A. M until 10 P M Boats from Otis Street Wharf, Kensington, daily, at 10 A. M., 12 noon, 2, 4, 6 and 8 P. M.

Round Trip Fare, 20c.

Children with parents free.

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Concerts Daily 2 and 7.15 p. m.

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THE LARGEST AND MOST NOVEL SHOOT THE CHUTE.
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Thus avoiding annoying and dangerous transfers.
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